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Foreign, Inland and New Zealand Gordon Association, Ltd. For ..., Brussels, and 240.

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Vol. LIV.
1425.

RECORD "BULLETS" 21st BIRTHDAY OFFER SEE PAGES 42 AND 43

JOHN BULL

How these children's frocks keep their colours!

Is it some special way of washing them?

A. Just Persil in lukewarm water, which is the best way I know for coloured things.

Q. But how does Persil protect colours more than anything else?

A. Why, because Persil is soap made *active* by oxygen. Even in cool water Persil suds get right inside the weave and bring out all the dirt gently. Then you can really see the colours. That's why Persil makes all coloured things look so fresh and nice every time they're washed; and you don't need any other soap—Persil alone does it all.

Are you using the Free Persil Service?

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FROM £3.15.0 CASH OR TERMS

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EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35

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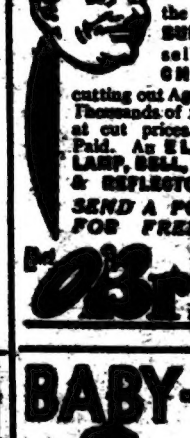

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having all the power and definition of higher-priced instruments and to used for a myriad purposes. Indispensable for testing cotton, wool, wholesomeness of food and water, besides many interesting things such as examining crystals, construction of insects, showing detail hitherto impossible without a first-class instrument. Requires no skill to use. Gives hours of interesting study. Made of brass, capable of marvellous 250 areas. Count the joints in a cabbage-louse aphis-louse. Complete with sliders, glass, spring and full instructions

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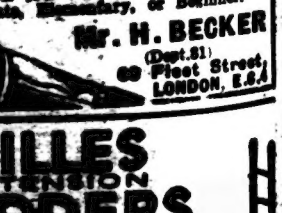

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Please send me particulars and catalogue FREE.

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1 Beautiful Tapestry Bedspread
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Closed.	Open.	Price.	
6ft.	10ft.	18/-	Cash with Order
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12ft.	22ft.	34/-	
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MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep. 4/11 11 ins. deep. 5/11

Add 2/- for sizes 36 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

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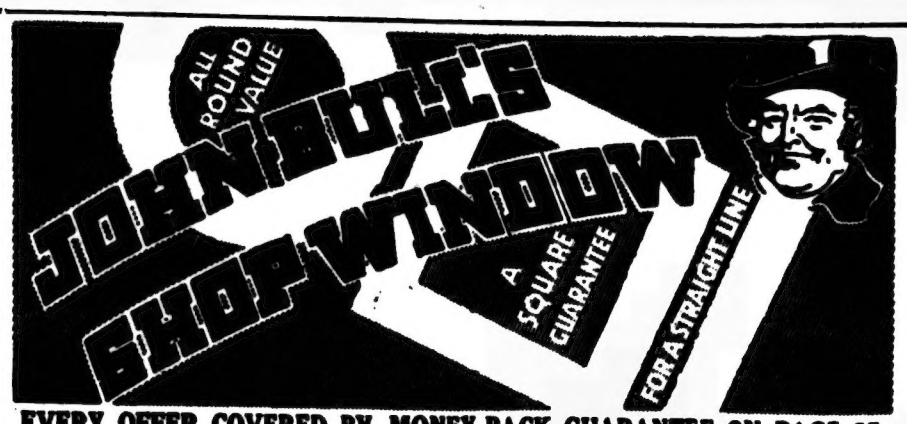

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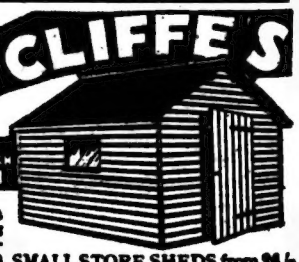

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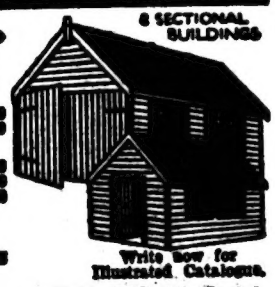

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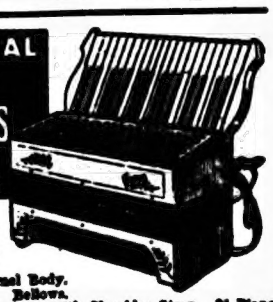

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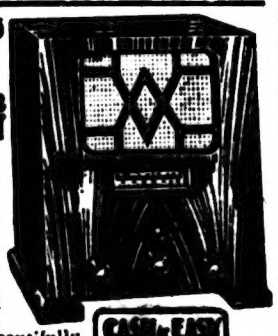

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A Wicked Church TRAFFIC

"My dear brethren, let me present your new pastor. Take him with my blessing or —— pay up!"

BECAUSE of its vital interest to every churchgoer in this country, we wish to give some wider publicity to a modest little announcement which was released to the Press the other day.

It was to the effect that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had appointed three arbitrators to administer certain provisions in an Act called the Benefices (Purchase of Rights of Patronage) Measure, 1933.

With this announcement one of the worst of all Church scandals enters upon a further phase of its malodorous career.

This scandal is the secret trafficking in "advowsons," as they are called, or Church livings.

A man who owns an advowson has the right to present a parson of his own nomination to a Church living, and the parishioners concerned have little or nothing to do with it.

He owns what is, in effect, a valuable piece of property, and during the last few years of feud between sections of the Church an advowson has become even more valuable.

The various Anglo-Catholic and Anglican trusts have been engaging in fierce bidding against each other to secure advowsons, and prices have soared. Matters have been made worse lately by the secrecy with which these transactions have been carried out and the methods used.

A few months ago Canon Durell, Rector of Clapham, discovered that the patronage of Clapham had been sold to a trust without his knowledge or that of his parishioners. "Hundreds of other advowsons up and down the country have also been bought by trusts, with never a word to the parishioners whose spiritual liberties it concerns," said Canon Durell.

If we describe the situation as a scandal we are using milder language than high dignitaries of the Church have used about it.

"Ecclesiastical nightbirds," said the later Bishop of Durham of the various trusts which are engaging in this traffic.

And the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking in the House of Lords recently, said: "A short time ago, one individual acquired, either for himself or for trusts, no fewer than 203 Church benefices."

These undesirable transfers were rendered all the more objectionable by the complete secrecy with which they were carried out.

The Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, himself one of the staunchest of Churchmen, is another who has flayed this system of buying and selling of pulpits in the strongest terms.

It is one of the factors which is emptying churches. But what has the Church done about it? Nothing, or worse than nothing.

In spite of the unanimity of Church desire to end the system, all it has succeeded in doing is to produce the Measure with the fearsome name to which we alluded at the beginning.

All this Measure accomplishes is to give parishioners the right to buy back an advowson after it has been sold over their heads.

If the parishioners do not like the new shepherd who has been appointed, if they object to a new and strange form of ritual being foisted on them, they must either stay away from their church or have a "whip-round" amongst themselves to secure the advowson and thus be in a position *when the living falls vacant*—and that may not be for many years—to present a clergyman of their own choice.

Through the nose

IN other words, they must pay to worship in their own way, and, more often, they must pay through the nose for the privilege.

The appointment of the arbitrators is an indication of which way the wind is blowing.

A Midlands parish advowson worth £300 was sold for £550. The parishioners, who refused to have the new incumbent, were allowed the alternative of buying it back for £800.

They could not raise £800, so the church stood empty for nearly a year.

In another case the advowson of a parish, worth £500, was sold by its lay owner to another for £950. He, in his turn, sold it to a third buyer with rigidly orthodox views for £1,150.

This gentleman then proceeded to nominate his own choice for the parish, whose type of worship was completely opposite to his.

The parishioners who want their own observances must buy the advowson back. The price asked is in the neighbourhood of £1,500—three times the original price.

It is for such cases, which are, incidentally, in the majority, that the arbitrators are needed. They are, each of them, surveyors and estate experts. They are to step in when a deadlock occurs, as in a case now on, where the new owner wants £1,250 for an advowson, and all the parishioners can raise is £800.

"Cornering" the market

BUT even so, the scales are still weighted against the parishioners, because, *whatever the circumstances, the arbitrators are bound by rule not to settle the matter for less than the parishioners offer.*

A recent official estimate stated that out of 12,000 total Church benefices in this country owned by the Crown, colleges, bishops, and lay patrons, nearly 2,000 of them have been bought and sold at handsome profits by Anglican and Anglo-Catholic trusts, and by wealthy men with a liking for dabbling in Church politics.

One gentleman, no doubt from the loftiest of motives, has for a long time been endeavouring to effect a "corner" in available advowsons.

Whether the technique of Throgmorton Street and the Chicago "Wheat-pit" is a desirable thing when applied to religion and the Church of England, we leave it to our readers to judge.

The Church, which is constantly denouncing the present system as a scandal, knows the solution, but, as usual, it does not face it.

It can obtain sanction to make all advowsons henceforth unsaleable, or it can get all advowsons transferred to a Central Board of Patronage.

It must do one or the other.

And if the Church will only remember that it is tolerated scandals such as these which send it heading for its own Disestablishment, it will do it quickly.

Another Drink Problem—A Bad Bright Beer Idea

The "travelling public-house" may be a bright idea, but it's one we can well do without

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

THE great drink battle is once more to be waged in Parliament. When M.P.s return from their holidays they will consider a Private Member's Bill to extend drinking hours to twelve a day.

There is much to be said against that, but there is nothing to be said for a system that allows drinking until ten o'clock on one side of a street and half-past ten or eleven on the other.

As everyone knows, scores of such stupid anomalies exist, and it's time they were swept away. If the Government doesn't like the new Drink Bill, then it should bring forward a better one.

Bright but not good

There is a new aspect of the beer business that we must bring to the notice of M.P.s. We refer to the "travelling public-houses" which are making their appearance in all parts of the country.

Now, we have never been intolerant either of the man who enjoys a drink or the teetotaler who equally enjoys doing without one.

But we do not feel very tolerant towards this new form of drink-peddling.

It may be a bright idea, but it is a danger to housewives who, invited to buy intoxicating liquor at their very doors, may be tempted to spend more than they can afford. It is unfair to publicans, who pay a bigger proportion of their receipts to the Revenue than any other traders.

Big business

There is no question that the business is already being carried out on a big scale.

In certain parts of the country whole fleets of lorries are engaged in the traffic. A lorry pulls up at a street corner, men canvass from door to door for orders, and return in a few moments with bottles or cases from the lorry.

A Midlands brewer has obtained a licence which he hopes will enable him to launch a beer-hawking attack on London.

The bad old days

If this campaign is allowed to develop, it may easily supplant the "off-licence" method of retailing liquor, and so deal a big blow to the Exchequer. That consideration alone should induce the Government to act.

Besides, licensing justices have been so particular that the drink trade is now in good hands. Customers are not generally encouraged to drink more than is good for them, and the public's good sense has brought about a welcome decrease in drunkenness.

But the temptation of this new method might take us back to the bad old days; a risk we cannot afford. Nor can we put up much longer with the other irritating anomalies.

A Canon Ashamed of Legs

Hitting a Sick Man

Profiteers may laugh—

And though we're glad that Mr. Walter Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, is setting up consumers' councils to watch food prices under his marketing schemes, we think it's a pity that those councils will not have power to prosecute profiteers.

Offenders will merely be reported to the Ministry. Knowing something about the Ministry's little ways, we fear that too many of those profiteers will be allowed to escape.

—and swindlers chuckle

We remember that the Ministry reduced the number of wage inspectors two years ago. Since then the number of farm labourers who are made to work for less than their legal wage has doubled.

But the Ministry of Agriculture doesn't mind.

So why should it mind if food profiteers increase?

Tithes for Uncle Sam

The most amazing tithe scandal yet! That is what you will surely say when you read our exclusive revelation that British farmers are paying tithes to the United States.

We must take you to Tolleshunt Major, an Essex village of 2,264 acres. In that parish every landowner, great or small, pays tithe to the New England Company, which was founded in 1649 to preach the gospel to the "blacks and pagans of North America."

Taxed for centuries

So for three hundred years English farmers have been sorely taxed to fill the pockets of an American missionary body.

And should it ever go out of business, the will of its benefactress (she died in 1711) provides that the tithes of Tolleshunt Major shall be paid to the United States town of Bolton.

Absurd burdens

Some of the farmers in this pleasant Essex village are paying tithe to no less than three claimants—Queen Anne's Bounty, the New England Company, and a private owner.

Some farmers have been haled into the County Court before now by all three claimants.

We say that this onerous, ridiculous and intolerable situation must be ended. We say that no foreign company, however laudable its purpose, should be allowed to burden struggling British farmers.

Grisly

An equally astounding story comes from Hull.

The other day a councillor stopped the corporation hearse, which is generally used for paupers' funerals, and found it crowded with mental defectives from the public assistance institution.

Imagine his surprise when he learned that they were being taken for a "joy-ride" into the country! There must be something defective in the mentality of those responsible.

Mad criminal disgrace

Next, there is the shocking state of affairs just revealed by an inquest on a criminal lunatic.

After being sentenced to death in 1879 for murder, he was sent to Broadmoor, but transferred in 1920 to Devon Mental Hospital, where he had been ever since.

We hope we never hear of another case like that. It is bad enough for a family to know that one of its members is an inmate of a public asylum without the fear that their relative may be shut up with murderers.

Robbing the poor

Another monstrous practice, which is unfortunately widespread, is a cruel and illegal imposition on the poorest of the poor.

The occupant of a public assistance station in Carmarthenshire has been found drawing "coppers" from the recipients of outdoor relief.

We are glad the authorities are taking action in the matter. We hope they will also have something unpleasant to say to the relieving officer who countenanced the practice.

This wicked business should be stopped not only in Carmarthenshire, but everywhere else.

Crippling a sick man

We know you will share our sympathy at the plight of Mr. F. H. Lomas, a window-cleaner of Middlewich, Cheshire. His wife has been an invalid for seventeen years, and he has been in hospital three times since May.

When he was last discharged from hospital—only a few days ago—he found no food in the house.

Then he had to appear in court for non-payment of rates—£2 17s. He pleaded for two months' grace to enable him to resume work, but the Bench could only allow a month.

And if he is too ill to work and so has to disobey the order, we suppose he will be put into jail. Won't that help the other ratepayers!

Supreme impudence

But we shall not ask your pity for Mr. Charles Cooke, a Crewe estate agent, though he is now the poorer by £2.

He had the impudence to impersonate the local police superintendent and sent letters to a man demanding payment of alleged rent arrears and threatening him with imprisonment.

We should have fined him a good deal more than £2 had we been on the Crewe Bench.

A vicar rides high

"Impudence," by the way, was the word used by a Halifax vicar, the Rev. Thomas Price, to the people who complained when he rode his pony on the footpath close to their windows.

As he has now been fined £1 and costs for the offence, they were obviously a good deal less impudent than the vicar.

We hope he is Christian enough to tell them so.

Legs and the Canon

A very different sort of parson, Canon Marsh, of Bournemouth, has startled us by saying he "simply loves" beach pyjamas.

He thinks they are "the acme of modesty, and preserves us from the revolting exhibition of legs, arms and other parts of the human carcase that gives Bournemouth the appearance of a glorified butcher's shop."

Well, we're sorry the Canon finds the sight of human arms and legs so revolting, for what an unpleasant time he must give himself when he takes a bath!

Better ambulance methods

Quick results are following our article last week, "Red Tape Murder," which criticised the local councils who refuse to allow their ambulance men to attend dying people outside their proper area.

Many councillors are now studying the excellent work of the St. John Ambulance Corps, which recognises no boundaries, creeds or distances when skilled help is wanted.

And though that is a voluntary organisation, its aims should be shared by every local authority.

Alien Jack Tars!

Some folk might think that the last place in which foreigners would be employed is the Royal Navy. They would be wrong.

Barend de Swartz, a Dutchman, who served a sentence for a despicable fraud on a woman, has again been convicted at a London police court—this time for an offence against the aliens regulations—and recommended for deportation.

And it was casually revealed that for twelve years he had been allowed to serve as a stoker in a British battleship.

The cruellest cut

We see the Tottenham Council has refused permission for a municipal tenant to have his mother-in-law living in his house.

It tempts us to ask why Tottenham people should have this preferential treatment.

But seriously—it is carrying things too far if a man may not have a relative as his guest and if his private affairs must be subject to the whim of his landlords!

Harsh deal

We feel sorry for the Guardsman who made all the arrangements to get married, but found at the last moment that he couldn't get the leave he was expecting.

Because he took that leave without permission he has been sentenced to twenty-eight days' detention.

We know that it is a serious offence, but it wouldn't have been committed if his superiors had shown a little consideration and common kindness.

Criminal folly

You will probably find it hard to believe that two miners should endanger the lives of three hundred comrades—as well as their own.

Yet that is what the folly of Frank Jerrams and Richard Bettany amounted to when they lit a cigarette in a mine near Nuneaton. And the ventilation in the mine had already given rise to anxiety!

The magistrates let them off with a fine. We can't help regretting there were not a few miners on the Bench.

Diddling doctors

The doctor of a sick London woman announced that he was calling in a specialist, who, in turn, introduced an X-ray expert. The specialist's fee was said to be a specially reduced one.

But when a medical directory was consulted, both "specialists" were found to be ordinary medical practitioners. And when a real specialist was summoned, his fee was two guineas less!

That is a monstrous practice that should be stamped out by the General Medical Council.

Twenty-one giants

Our famous *Bullets* Competition is twenty-one to-day, and twenty-one giant prizes will celebrate the occasion.

You see them all on pages 42 and 43, headed by the finest reward for a few words ever known—£10 a week for life, plus £1,000 cash, or £4,000 cash, plus £2 a week for life.

Begin your *Bullets* to-day and your name may be on that First Prize telegram we shall despatch on November 3.

SAVE Us *the* JURY!

by the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES

the late Home Secretary

THE Law of England should be a plain, common-sense system that every man and woman can understand. And the way in which it is practised should be as downright and as straightforward as the best brains on the Bench and at the Bar can devise.

For that reason all men of sense will welcome the first big reform which has followed the much-debated Administration of Justice Act, 1933, which has just come into practical effect with the resumption of the legal sittings.

All kinds of excellent legal reforms are provided by this Act.

By taking advantage of it, for instance, it has already been found possible at the Middlesex Sessions to arrange that all witnesses shall be called only on the day on which they are to give evidence.

That may sound a small thing. In practice it is a reform which, if extended to other courts, will save tens of thousands of pounds annually throughout this country, and will remove a real ground for complaint which for years has led to criticism being directed at our legal system.

Formerly all witnesses called to give evidence at Assizes or Quarter Sessions have been summoned to appear on the first day, though the actual case in which they were to give evidence may not have been reached for a week or more.

The appalling waste of time and money which has resulted from this is obvious.

Men and women have had to absent themselves from their work, with loss of pay; shopkeepers have been compelled to employ others to attend to their shops or else they have been forced to close them; large numbers of police officers have been taken from their duties in the streets to do nothing but wait at the court.

Sweeping powers

WHEN I say this I do not forget that the more I learn of the administration of justice in other countries the more reason I have to feel proud of our own judicial system, and of the men who administer it.

But, while generally I welcome the new Act, I cannot help feeling disturbed over some of the sweeping powers it bestows upon judges of the High Court.

For centuries every man and woman in this country has been able to have his or her case tried by a jury of their country men or women. That has been their established right.

No matter what the real issue of any individual case was—whether it involved a question of small or intricate finance, of personal honour, of libel or slander, or of highway robbery or murder—the right to trial by jury was available to all.

This new Act, with all its other reforms to speed up justice, to save money and time, and to remove injustices to witnesses and jurymen and judges, barristers and lawyers, makes sweeping changes in this direction.

Where in civil actions in the courts a jury could be demanded as of right, a jury can only be *requested* now.

Section 6 of the Act, in fact, opens the legal door to many controversies.

Litigants' right

THE freedom with which it gives judges power to have or refuse a jury in certain cases will provide grievances for many litigants who, rightly or wrongly, do not wish to leave the final issue of their case to a judge alone, however competent and unbiased he may be.

Yet the most fundamental thing in British justice has been the right of trial by jury. And, despite the inconvenience of having to be absent for days—or sometimes weeks—from their businesses, those called upon to serve on juries have always done their duty in upholding a right that has played a big part in making our judicial system the fairest and most impartial ever known.

I think any litigant who has a genuine case to take to law should have the right to demand a jury. Yet in most cases he can now no longer do so with certain success. The empanelling of a jury in future will be entirely at the discretion of the judge dealing with the particular case.

With the exception of criminal courts, cases where a jury can still be empanelled automatically are few and far between, now that this new Act has come into force.

Also if issues of fraud arise, if the case is one where damages for libel are claimed, or arises out of breach of promise of marriage, litigants concerned can demand a jury.

Everyone will agree that juries are most desirable in such cases, as also they are in actions where the litigants concerned are involved in disputes over slander, false imprisonment or malicious prosecution.

Yet it is not at all certain that their demands, even in these cases, will be met with approbation by the judge to whom the application is made.

Going too far?

FOR the powers of this Act are so framed that if the judge is of opinion that the trial requires any prolonged examination of documents and accounts, or any scientific or other investigation which cannot conveniently be made by a jury, he can decide to hear the case alone!

Now is that not going too far? Will such wide powers ensure justice being fully done to a litigant whose demand for a jury in such cases is turned down?

For every lawyer will tell you that in most important cases where libel or fraud is the issue raised, voluminous documents and accounts play the chief part.

One libel case I happen to know a little about occupied a judge and jury a week and a half. There were nine barristers briefed to appear in it.

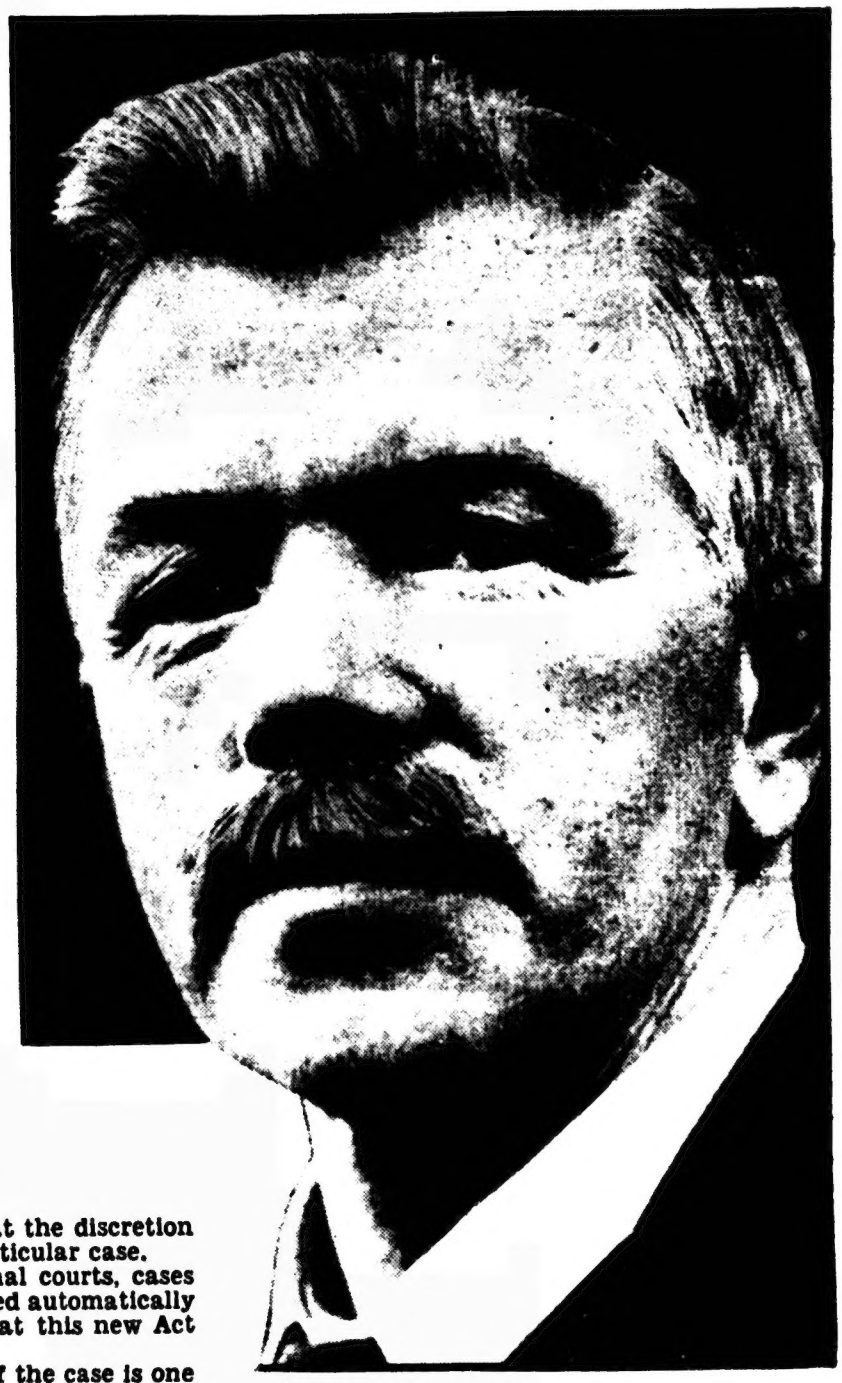
The front tables in the court and the barristers' benches were piled high with masses of documents, account books and ledgers of formidable weight and size. Those documents were vital to both the plaintiff and the defendant.

The judge, at the end of this long hearing, summed up clearly in favour of the defendant. But the members of the jury had made up their minds the other way.

Impartially, after hearing all the evidence, they gave a verdict and damages for the plaintiff—who, had the judge tried the case alone, would have lost.

And the same thing occurs with all big cases of fraud.

I know of many cases in the High Court where, with vital issues of fraud or misrepresentation raised, the documents produced for inspection and examination have been equally voluminous.



"I think any litigant . . . should have the right to demand a trial by jury"

One case in point, which arose out of a large but disputed claim for insurance money, following a suspicious robbery, ended in a verdict for the plaintiffs.

Yet, so far as the strict letter of the law was concerned, I am aware that the learned judge was satisfied that a verdict should be awarded in favour of the defendants.

Despite all the masses of documents that were used during the hearing of the case, and irrespective of the indisputable directness of the judge's summing up, the jury at the end of the long trial gave what it believed to be the only verdict.

And all parties concerned in the case accepted its decision as being right and just.

Of course, the books and accounts and relevant documents in such cases will always require "prolonged examination."

A grave mistake

THAT being so, one may safely anticipate in the near future judges refusing to have juries in case after case.

With this Act before them, and with the wide powers it gives them, they will prefer in most of the big fraud and libel cases to deal with the issues themselves.

Criminal cases must be tried by a jury, of course; but I should not be surprised if, within a year or so, it is only the smaller type of civil cases in which jurors will be empanelled.

In fact, many experts believe that ultimately the outcome of this Act will be the abolition of the jury system in all cases where the central figure is not standing in the dock on a criminal charge.

If that is so, we are to-day witnessing the beginning of the passing of a great tradition.

I think a grave mistake will have been made if the complete abolition of trial by jury ever comes about. It is a right and a safeguard we should cling to at all costs.

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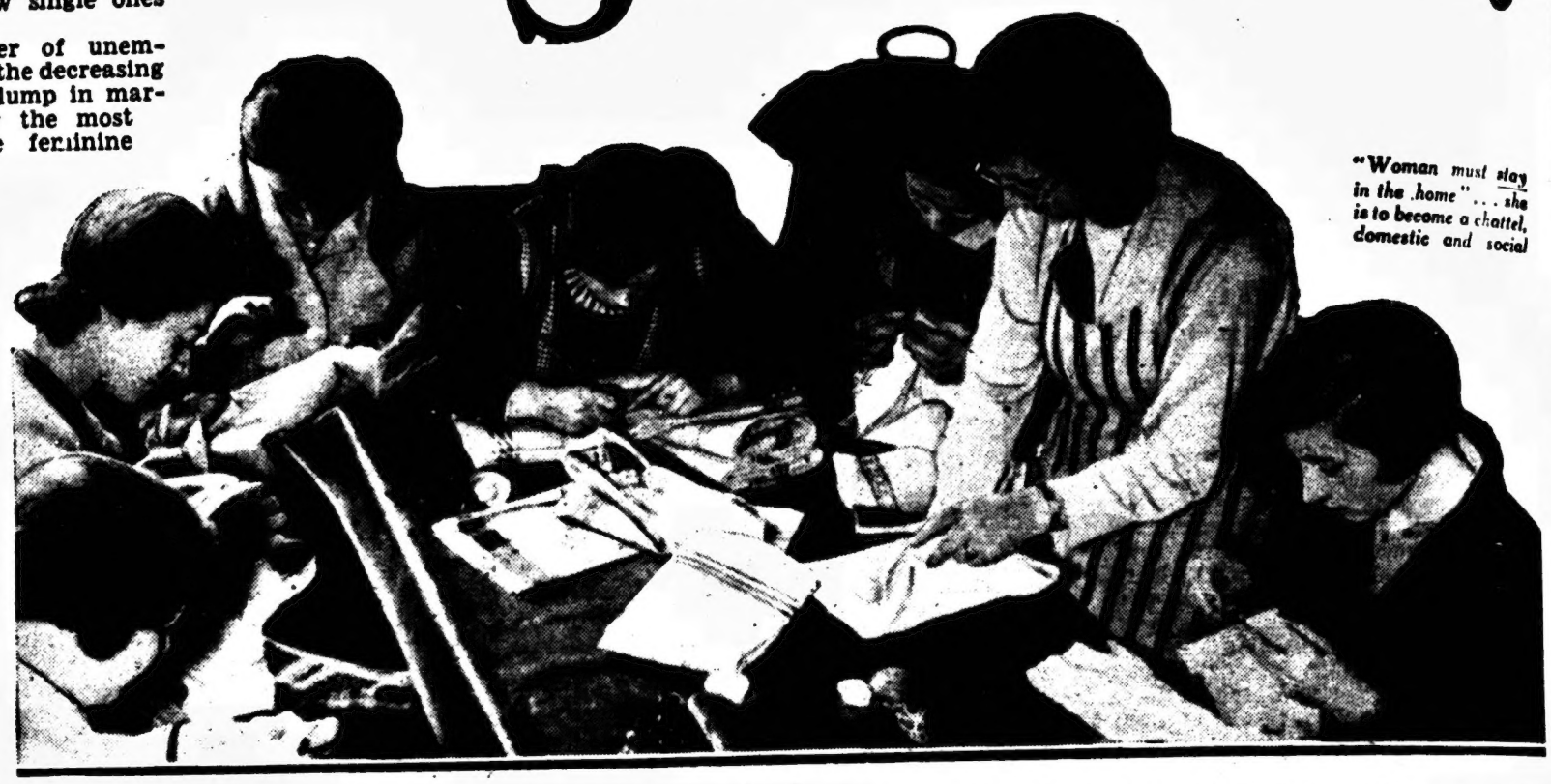

"Woman must stay in the home" . . . she is to become a chattel, domestic and social

by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

who has recently returned from a visit to Germany

GERMANY is in the throes of a vast feminine upheaval.

It has been decided that married women shall not be employed in industry or any State Department—and as few single ones as possible.

The enormous number of unemployed males—6,000,000—the decreasing birth-rate and notable slump in marriage is responsible for the most drastic revision of the feminine status.

It is true that up to the present comparatively few unmarried girls have been replaced by men, though that is owing not to lack of will but to economic urgency. There are certain trades where male labour would entail a loss, as in the electric lamp industry and toy-making, where untrained fingers are too clumsy. Working women, nevertheless, are at a discount—outside the home.

In the professional and middle classes the Axe has already fallen. Medical women have had their notice from the hospitals and other State institutions. So soon as there are a sufficient number of qualified males they are to go. Women lawyers are to follow suit, also departmental heads in commerce as in national work.

Positions of responsibility in offices, as elsewhere, are closed to women. A single girl may become a shorthand-typist, but while of marriageable age can rise no higher than a junior clerk, and only progress a very little further when of older growth.

Outside the home woman must not give orders in New Germany. She is perennially subordinate to man.

Marriage is to be the sole object of feminine existence. She who is not wife and mother is entirely negligible in Nazi eyes In order to intensify the desire for matrimony the free companionship enjoyed by post-war youth, when troops of boys and girls camped and swam and sang together, has been abolished. All this is over. Woman as comrade plays a part no more.

Woman, the cipher

The immediate point of view is an amazing one.

"Woman," said a Nazi leader to me, "must *stay* in the kitchen and the nursery National affairs are not her province. We do not want her meddling in political or economic problems."

This is the key to the Hitler régime, which seeks to reimpose that feeling of sex inferiority from which civilised woman the world over has largely escaped. She is to become a chattel—domestic and social—without opportunity to develop initiative or self-reliance either in or outside the family.

There are not enough men to provide husbands all round—the numerical disparity between the sexes remains in Germany as in this country. But the unmated woman under Hitler is debarred from any sort of compensatory career.

The Nazis have no niche for the spinster, she is regarded as a failure and relegated to that limbo of patronising contempt typical of English society generations back.

Politically, woman is already a complete cipher.

She may belong to the Nazi Party, but her privileges are confined to the payment of membership fee and permission to join the audience at a public meeting. Actually, she has no share in the organisation and she must not join in any mass demonstration.

The picture remains vividly in my mind of a huge procession of Nazi Storm Troops, superb specimens of manhood trained to the last inch, marching through the Unter den Linden, Berlin's historic street, flags flying, drums beating, with all the panoply and pomp of war except the guns. Trained to the *n*th degree, disciplined to a hair's breadth, New Germany's civil army needs only arms to be a first-class fighting force.

The streets were lined with Berliners, men shouted, small boys shrilled enthusiasm. But the women, though they dutifully applauded, stood apart in an admitted sex inferiority. There was an Eastern touch about this Western demonstration—I felt the clock had been put back a hundred years.

I recall another picture, also typical of the Hitler régime.

A long, low white building, overgrown with jasmine and roses, a spacious garden, wide meadows beyond, the lowing of cows, the grunting of pigs, girls' voices in the fields and round the stables, floating through the open windows with the clatter of pans and the high treble of small children.

Brawn—not brain

This is a Woman's Labour Camp, of which there are already 2,000 in Germany. Drawn from every class, feminine youth between fourteen and twenty-seven learns to dig and cook, keep bees, tend babies and practise all the arts of housewifery and agriculture.

The idea, at first sight, seems all to the good, but among the girls are women who have been expelled from the professions, ex-teachers who cannot get a job, lecturers deprived of their University Chairs, lawyers and barristers—all must begin life all over again. Brains count for nothing; they must learn to till the earth, to scrub and wash and cook, if not in their own homes, then in someone else's.

Young girls of the working-class on leaving school, like their elder sisters out of a job, are drafted to these centres for forty weeks of intensive training. There is no law compelling them to go, but refusal means the cancellation of unemployment pay.

Students, however, are obliged to put in six weeks' voluntary or ten weeks' compulsory residence each year of their University course. Like their brothers they are due at the camps during the long vacation, to help the peasants get in the harvest.

It is a strenuous existence. The girls get up at six and work till one, when, after an hour's rest, they carry on till eight, with time for meals, and are due in bed in communal dormitories by ten.

The camp is divided into three sections—running the house, looking after the garden, flowers and vegetables, and labouring on the neighbouring farms. You join a different section each day. In addition, the children of the village kindergarten are minded, washed and fed.

The camps are under the control of women of the educated class, who not only allocate the various jobs to the trainees, but encourage, during the short time at their disposal, cultural pursuits. Concerts are given and literary readings, and instruction as to dressmaking and needlecraft. In fact, the Labour Camp girls have a very crowded existence.

There are no class differentiations. Every one wears a cotton frock and is paid two marks a day, of which 1.70 marks is deducted for the upkeep of the camp, leaving 30 pfennings for pocket money.

The fastidiously-reared daughter of a Prussian aristocrat who has never had to soil her fingers digs side by side with the girl who has known no opportunity to acquire the finer distinctions of social life. Each learns from the other.

Fanaticism's victim

"Some of the girls cannot understand why manual labour makes me so dreadfully tired," said a lovely young student, sunburnt and radiant. "I am really as strong as they are, but I never knew just what hard bodily work really meant till now. On their side, they are surprised that I brush my teeth and hair night and morning and manicure my nails. They think it a waste of time—but some are coming round to it."

The Labour Camps are part of the Hitler scheme to break down barriers of wealth and tradition and all the class prejudice of generations, and let in the flood tide of a Nationalism which in

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The Human Machine

Your Own Architect

THE "self-made" man is not a phenomenon, for no one is "nature-made." We are all self-made. We must all, from the very beginning, make ourselves what we want to become.

It is true that we are all born with a certain set of mental and physical characteristics, and these differ widely; but these are only an indication of what we can do. What we actually do depends on ourselves.

A man may have excellent abilities and, because he is too lazy to develop them, may just fritter them away; another, with quite moderate abilities, may develop them and make the most of them and forge right ahead.

Behind the saying, "You never know what you can do till you try," lies the truth that in all of us are many more traits than are ever normally given expression. It is only when we put forward a supreme effort that we find out of what we are really capable.

It is because so few people ever really exert their mental capacities to the full that we see obviously brilliant minds failing while minds with poorer equipment often succeed. Those who succeed are those who try with every ounce of strength and ability they possess.

Success in life does not depend solely on the quality of brain with which you were born. There are many other factors that come into play. "Your mental abilities," said a great psychologist, "by which you make your way in the world, hold your job, compete with your rivals, depend for their cutting edge on supporting qualities which are largely emotional—your perseverance, your ambition, your social aptitude to impress your good points on others: you don't get on by your abilities alone, but by the support they find in the rest of your make-up."

In other words, we are what we are—but we can become what we like.

the SWASTIKA

WOMAN, the CHATTEL in the NEW GERMANY

his ideal should surmount all inequality of income or position.

This conception of patriotism appears a very fine one until you realise that it entails a relentless crushing out of individuality. The Hitler harrow passes over woman. She is denied the right to exercise free will. She becomes a national hewer of wood and drawer of water, the victim of a religion in which Germany is god and Hitler militant high priest.

"I don't know what I'm going to do when I leave the camp," said the daughter of a professor. "It's no use for me to stay at the University, though I am halfway through my training for a lawyer. But if I pass my examinations I shall not be allowed to practise. Teaching is terribly overcrowded; it's one of the few jobs that are still open to us; but there are about ten candidates for every available job.

"My father says that marriage is the most important thing in a woman's life. And I agree with him, but until I meet a man whom I should like for a husband, it seems to me a pity that I can't do something useful. As it is, I suppose I shall have to stay at home and help with the house. But, you know, pots and pans aren't the whole of a girl's existence."

Agriculture is one of the industries in which woman is welcome. The Nazi programme includes the settling on the land of as many unemployed as possible; hence the desirability of a supply of farmers' wives. At the end of the training the girls hope for a job as a farm hand or as a domestic servant.

The theoretical cooking class—pictures taken at a Nazi Women's Labour Camp

Training for the only career left open to her—marriage. And it means long hours, rough work, and no spare time

With the advance of winter, however, there is an inevitable decrease in agricultural activity, which means the turning off of a considerable number of labourers. The majority of the Labour Camps will close down and the trainees will once more swell the ranks of the unemployed.

Marriage-shy men

The hope of a situation as domestic servant is equally small. Most people are far too poor these days to keep a maid, although to speed up the demand employers are no longer required to pay insurance tax and a special rebate on income is also granted. In spite of these concessions, however, few families find it possible to employ hired help. So the number of trainees who find domestic jobs is inconsiderable.

The marriage market is also depressed. It is hoped to galvanise it to activity by a dowry of 1,000 marks for every intending bride who has come out of industry. Regarded as a loan in the first instance, each child of the marriage up to four earns a remittance of 250 marks. But in spite of the bait Nazi youth is still shy of taking a wife. The prospects of work are still too uncertain.

Life in the Men's Labour Camps has a freedom from responsibility that matrimony does not offer.

"And what," I asked of a leading Nazi official, "will the Government do if more men will not marry?"

"In that case," I was told, "it may be necessary to impose a tax on bachelors."

"But if they are unemployed, how can they pay it?" I demanded. "Perhaps in future the well-paid Government posts will be reserved for married men," he answered with a smile.

Meanwhile, the system of separation between the sexes is in social progress. No longer may a girl go to a dance hall with her best boy; she must be chaperoned. The use of lip-stick, rouge and powder has been prohibited, not by law, but by decision of the young male Nazis, who have warned female defiants that any girl who contests their will may have her make-up removed forcibly from her face. Moreover, women may not smoke in public!

It is only fair, however, to point out that the Nazis themselves smoke very little. Beer and tobacco are largely eschewed by the followers of Hitler, who himself abstains from meat, drink and smoking.

Lovers meet

But though mixed excursions are forbidden, and woman's inferiority to man is an accepted doctrine, romance still finds a way. Once a week the boys and girls of their respective Labour Camps enjoy two hours off from eight till ten, and then what lovers' meetings, what sentimental trysts!

Sighs and lowered eyelids and tremulous expectancy are the fashion to-day. The young goddess who bobbed her hair and strode in shorts and a jumper has gone to the limbo of forgotten fashions. A demure damsel in long skirts and plaited hair has taken her place

The young people on the whole think it is all rather good fun, but they realise that the future, all the same, is insecure. Husbands in their hundreds do not seem likely to materialise, and the choice of employment is depressingly narrow.

Meanwhile the single women of the middle classes are faced with blank despair. The Great War robbed them of their chance of matrimony, and life forced them to be economically independent. And now, without the hope of husband and family, their whole status has been taken away. For them it will be the Tragedy of the Unwanted.

Some of them go to the Labour Camps to start life anew on the soil or qualify as cooks.

"What else can I do?" said a woman who had held an important post in a Ministry. "Marriage will not come to me—my fiancé was killed in the war." Her eyes strayed to a group of girls chasing one another in sheer high spirits.

"Life is full of hope for them," she said. "They are looking forward naturally to being wives and mothers . . . it's all over for us. . . ."

In a complete return to the Victorian era, woman, under the Nazis, deprived of her crown of individuality, has been relegated to the ranks of those who only serve and wait.

The New 'Passing Show'

WHENEVER there is a good thing going JOHN BULL likes to let its readers know.

To-morrow, Friday, October 6, sees the launching of a remarkable publishing enterprise—the New and Enlarged *Passing Show*.

The *Passing Show* "comes from the same stable" as JOHN BULL, and we have been privileged to see an advance copy of the new issue. Here is value in abundance . . . a four-colour cover by Gilbert Wilkinson, the world's best-loved artist; forty-eight large pages 14 in. x 10¼ in., printed in rich photogravure; many pages in colours, and a list of editorial contents that would be an adornment to the feature page of many a shilling magazine; also a wonderful Free Insurance that is complementary to the Great Free Insurance offered by JOHN BULL.

The double-page announcement of the New *Passing Show* appears on pages 4 and 5 of this issue.

In Love with her New White Skin

Do you want a skin that is white, soft and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire? Recent tests reveal that any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. Instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands and contracts enlarged pores. Blackheads are dissolved and fall away. Wrinkles of fatigue vanish in one application. Keeps the driest skin delicately moist. Takes the shine off an oily or greasy skin. This new Crème Tokalon, White Colour, quickly gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness—such as can be obtained in no other way.

Psoriasis 2½ Years Suffered with Burning Healed by Cuticura

"For two and a half years I suffered with psoriasis. I noticed some pimples appearing on my hands, knees and elbows. In a day or two they spread over the greater part of these locations. It was of a dry nature and scaled over and at my elbows and knees covered spaces quite two and a half inches. I need hardly say how nasty these looked and I was ashamed to go out of doors. I suffered a good deal from burning sensations and could not sleep.

'I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and in about ten weeks I was healed.' (Signed) Arthur Howell, 47, Dante Rd. Newington Butts, London S.E., Eng.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching if any with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

YOUR CHILD'S FUTURE

A Free offer

Relieve your mind of all worry regarding your child's future by writing to Mr. Ernest G. V. Clark, the Principal of Clark's College, Ltd. (Dept. 15), 226, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. He will be only too pleased to advise on the suitability of specialised training for Business, the Civil Service or the Professions. His helpful advice is free and non-obligatory. If you value your child's future prosperity, write to-day mentioning "John Bull."

'Ovaltine' *wins the* "Blue Riband" *of* Quality

"OVALTINE" has been awarded the Blue Seal Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene. This is the highest award made by the Institute, and is reserved for products which have maintained the highest standards of quality and merit for not less than 20 years. ***"Ovaltine" is the only Tonic Food Beverage to earn this distinction.***

For building up and maintaining glorious good health and abundant vitality there is nothing to equal delicious "Ovaltine." Scientifically prepared from the finest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own farms, "Ovaltine" supplies concentrated and correctly balanced nourishment to body, brain and nerves.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

No Gifts—no Coupons—just 100% Quality and Value

P971

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3 *per tin.*

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR REGINALD POOLE

You've Said It —and You KNOW

DEAR SIR REGINALD,—Many thousands of people are applauding, this week, your frank address, made as President of the Law Society—and your bold avowal that, while you are not in favour of "granting divorces to the spouses of convicts or lunatics," you are in favour of extending the law so that judges can grant divorces to a victim of "persistent and aggravated cruelty."

I doubt if your speech will do much to alter the law. Crusades have to go on for many years before the House of Commons finds time to deal with injustices which, for years, have been obvious.

Now, you are almost the best-known solicitor in the country. You are the head of the world-famous firm of Lewis and Lewis, founded by the first Sir George. Society people by the thousand have been along to your offices in Ely Place, still part of the County of Cambridgeshire, which shows how strangely old-fashioned some laws are.

* * *

I know your wisdom. I have had to consult it. I know your almost unexampled experience, your shrewd judgment. You are one of those many lawyers who, after a long experience of the problems of others, problems poured into your ears day after day, year after year, have decided that the law wants altering.

One case, just brought to me, will do more to prove that than all the arguments A man who writes me of his own woes is not possessed of the means with which to obtain the services of a highly-experienced lawyer. Even if he had all the money in the world, no lawyer could help him. For no law is on his side.

"You may not be in the least interested in what I have to say," are the first words of his long letter. "In that case, you will be among the majority who are only interested in what concerns themselves. I speak for a very small minority. But if our cause is just I feel we have in you one to champion us."

Then he tells me he is the last of the family bearing his name. He will die without offspring. He wants a child.

"But I should lose my job, on the grounds of immorality, if I get married again and have one," he says, "because I am married now, and I cannot get a divorce unless I become immoral.

"I cannot have a child by my present wife. Seven years ago, she walked out of the house, dissatisfied because my income was not so large as that of her 'gentlemen friends.'"

He would be wrong in having offspring by such a woman, he says, for by Mendelian law the children might be of "the same mercenary, selfish type," so the world would not benefit. He says that I may argue, if I wish, that if he were such a fool to marry a woman of this type there would be a danger of the child being born a fool.

In spite of that, he married for love during the war, thinking to find marriage an escape from "the animalism and immorality of the mess." The aftermath of war wrecked his marriage.

Sometimes he thinks it would be a crime to bring any child, in any circumstances, into such an unholy world as this. But he wants a child. That means he wants to get married again.

"It is the compulsory celibacy that is my grievance," he says "Were such compulsory celibacy general, my grievance would disappear."

But there are many such cases.

Now he wants the law altered. His wife has no complaint against him. She admits her failure, says she does not like marriage, says she wants to be free.

* * *

"This marriage business cramps her style somewhat in her relations with her gentlemen friends," says my correspondent. "If I will give her grounds for divorce, she offers to foot the bill. But I hold a certificate from His Majesty's Government. My livelihood depends on this certificate. If a charge of immorality were brought against me in the Divorce Court, it would mean its automatic withdrawal."

So now, for seven years, he has been neither married, he says, nor single.

"I feel I have achieved the impossible in living through seven years like this. It is a dreadful experience. I feel like a trussed fowl. I object to spying on my wife. It is against my principles. In any country but this I could be freed on grounds of desertion alone."

Now being in the position he is, he says that if "the Church" is the obstacle to the law being amended, then the Church is inciting men in his circumstances to immorality.

"No wonder the younger generation are openly laughing at marriage. And there are worse cases than mine, where women marry merely with the object of causing early desertion and then obtaining alimony."

Although he has had no monetary claims made upon him yet, this may come, he fears, when his wife no longer appeals to her "men friends."

He tells me I can make what use of this letter I like. He signs his name. He is a Bachelor of Science.

Now, Sir Reginald, what have you, with your high distinction in your profession, with all the weight of knowledge at your command, with your proud place at the head of the best-known firm of lawyers in the world—what have you to say to this case?

Your speech, last week, went a long way. Many unhappy husbands, many unhappy wives will thank you for it. But it did not go far enough.

You see, many of us still pretend, today. We think that because people are married they are happy. Many of them merely smile feebly, and bear it.

Marriage is an ideal condition up to which only the best can live and which, in many cases, only the dull endure without complaint.

When it succeeds it is the happiest condition in the world. When it fails, it causes hopeless misery.

You speak of the men married to drunken women, and the men married to jealous women You point out, what very few people remember, that, in Scotland, already, four years of wilful desertion entitles the complaining party to a divorce. Now do we, in England, argue that the Scots are more stupid than ourselves? Or are they facing facts to which we blind ourselves.

Marriages may be made in heaven. But they need not be lived in hell.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—A prisoner in Cardiff Prison has been on hunger-strike for three weeks because, it is said, photographs of his family were removed from his cell.

Such reminders of decent life must surely help a man to regain his self-respect and so become a useful, law-abiding citizen.

And if it is true they were removed by order of the governor, then that action was wholly stupid. I look to you to investigate the matter.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS,
Dominions Secretary

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—I am very glad you ignored the pressure brought to bear on you and have reinstated the deposed African chief, Tshekedi.

I hope you will go further and reprimand those responsible for the ridiculous display of force at his trial.

And I know I am voicing public opinion when I say: Let's hope that nothing of the sort ever happens again!

JOHN BULL.

REGINALD JOHN TOMKINSON,
Onneley, Staffs

TOMKINSON,—You went away for four days recently, and when the police visited your smallholding they were appalled.

A sow, a chained dog and imprisoned fowls were without food or water; so exhausted that when they were released they could hardly walk. Another dog was gnawing at the legs of a dead duck.

Now you are to be absent for a whole month—in jail. And this time, I'm sure, the wretched creatures will be better for it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD BATY,
Winlaton, Durham

DEAR EDWARD,—Though you are eighty-five you are still not too old to work, for Excise officers caught you at four o'clock in the morning making illicit whisky.

A fine of £275 seems a stiff penalty, but you had previously been convicted on a similar charge.

Well, I hope you live long enough to reach the years of discretion.

JOHN BULL.

LORD MAYOR, Stoke-on-Trent: Don't wonder councillors protest against buying you £1,100 car. Why not buy cheaper car and put rest of that sum towards helping less fortunate citizens? —JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. B. GIBSON,
Town Clerk of Sheffield

SIR,—You advise young people to "get away from politics" and to forget questions about hours of labour, rates of pay, and "all those things that get people's backs up."

In other words, you want them to take no interest in matters that affect their present and future happiness.

I hope your opinions will be ignored.

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS BLAKEMORE,
Summer Lane, Birmingham

BRUTE,—You are the latest addition to my list of drunken child-beaters.

Having picked up your landlady's baby and bumped its head against the wall, you hurled a milk bottle at the mother. It missed her and struck another youngster, who had to be taken to hospital.

Though you had previously terrorised the family, you were merely fined £5 and allowed seven days to find the money. I fervently hope you will not be able to find it.

JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Hartlepool, Durham

GENTLEMEN,—You are advertising for a caretaker for a school, library, and fire-station. And applicants must not be older than forty.

This suggests that you consider a man of forty too old for business.

Presumably most of you gentlemen are in business.

What would you think if people refused to deal with you because you are over forty?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON,—Since I drew attention to the terribly high proportion of mothers who die in childbirth, you have mobilised all your experts in a great effort to save as many of their lives as possible.

Little is being said about it, but, judging from your Department's methods of attacking the slums—where there is more talk than action—that is all to the good.

Anyway, I trust the campaign will succeed. And as I have so often had to criticise you, I welcome this opportunity of offering you my congratulations on a very excellent action.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. GARDINER,
Gestingthorpe, Suffolk

DEAR MADAM,—Not even armies were going to move those Fascists who, when your goods were distrained for tithe, came from London to give help you didn't need.

But because you have threatened to proceed against them for trespass if they don't go home, they have packed up and left.

Good for you!

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Denby, Yorkshire

GENTLEMEN,—So a new case of typhoid has been discovered at Denby Dale, which was so terribly ravaged by the disease last winter.

The villagers are refusing to use the water supply, which they allege has a bad taste and turns vegetables black, though the county analyst declares that it is free from pollution.

Even if the water cannot be blamed, it is your duty to try and discover the cause of this fresh typhoid outbreak at once.

JOHN BULL.

Buy WALFOX Brand Family Medicines

WALFOX BRAND REGT No 606946 SEE THE FOX ON EVERY BOX

—and be SAFE!

Reprinted from "John Bull," Sept. 16th, 1933.

JOHN BULL

DUD MEDICINES

The SCANDAL at the CHEMISTS

by Arthur J. GILLIAN

General Secretary of the Chemical Workers' Union

...necessary. Still ... is required in our wholesale ... where ... many incidents ... incidents ... handling ... young girls daily are handling ... "dope"—the sugar-coated pills of ... death.

Until public resentment at these hidden scandals is aroused and our sleepy rulers accord the protection due to us, the only remedy is to avoid buying any made-up medicines or drugs except those bearing names above suspicion.

Naturally, widely advertised products, upon which great sums of money are spent to obtain goodwill, are most likely to be of consistently good quality.

Drugs or dispensed medicines obtained at any of the big chemists of national renown, or at local chemists with an established reputation to maintain, can generally be taken with confidence.

But tablets and other medicines bearing no name, which now are sold in great quantities all over the country, should be carefully avoided. Buying cheap medicaments carrying no guarantee definitely is false economy, which sooner or later a purchaser inevitably discovers to his cost.

Poisonous chemicals camouflaged as healing drugs, falsely-labelled nostrums or medicines inaccurately dispensed, should be regarded as monstrous outrages against the community. Now they are being sold over our chemists' counters every hour of the day. How much longer must this tragedy go on?

Only the finest possible ingredients are purchased by Walfox Ltd. for the production of their famous family medicines.

Prepared under the supervision of qualified chemists from formulae guaranteed by leading London analysts.

Be sure you ask for Walfox Brand Family Medicines. The sign of the fox is your safeguard.

WALFOX BRAND

Sold by GROCERS and STORES everywhere.

PRICES 6d. & 1/-

WALFOX

BRAND

FAMILY MEDICINES

PRICES 6d. & 1/-

LET WALFOX KEEP YOU WELL

Walfox Ltd., Laboratories, Eatley, Yorks.

by A. G. GARDINER

As a direct result of Mussolini's "more-babies" pronouncement seventy Italian couples offered themselves up for simultaneous marriage — and enjoyed a honeymoon at the State's expense. Here is a line-up of some of the newly-weds after the ceremony

The MENACE of the BABIES

NOT for a hundred years has Europe been so concerned about its babies as it is to-day. Then it was in a panic because it feared that there were going to be too many. Now it is in a panic because it fears that there are going to be too few—too few, that is, of a particular breed.

Signor Mussolini started the crusade for more babies—*i.e.*, Italian babies.

One of Herr Hitler's first considerations when he came to power last Spring was his anxiety for more babies—of course, German babies.

Now France has entered the field with a project for increasing the output of French babies.

This week there has come into operation in France a Government scheme in response to Germany's "larger family" scheme. I say "in response to" because it is not likely that the two campaigns for more babies are unrelated. They are not.

There is to be a race in the production of babies in case there should be another race in the production of armaments. Armaments are important in war, but men are even more important. And as you cannot have men without first having babies the Continental countries are all taking time by the forelock, and crying with one consent "Give us more babies!" They are even prepared, in spite of their impoverishment, to pay for them.

Subsidised parenthood

Thus, for example, the French employers are to be taxed to subsidise their workers' children, following the German lead. The subsidies are fixed by decree and are to be applicable to all industries—not, I gather, to the peasantry. Presumably the peasantry are prolific enough.

The subsidies vary according to locality; but broadly they begin with 7s. 6d. a month for the first child and increase for each additional child without maximum limitation. The father of four children will receive between 37s. 6d. and 50s. a month. Rates for additional children range from 5s. to 30s. in special cases.

If the object of this scheme were purely humanitarian there would be nothing but good to be said of it. The propagation of children is not a criminal offence. It is a duty to the race, and those who fulfil that duty are entitled to some measure of relief from the State.

In this country we recognise that claim on the income-tax paper. The man who has a quiverful of children—a rare phenomenon in these days—or even those who have only one or two, has a rebate in his tax on that account.

This is elementary justice. It is not designed to encourage large families. It is merely an adjustment of the burden to the capacity of the back that bears it. Plainly a man who has five mouths to feed ought not to be taxed on the same scale as the man who has only his own mouth or the mouth of himself and his wife to feed.

But the expedients which the Continental nations are adopting are definitely directed to increasing the output of babies.

No decline

They do not want this increase because there is a startling deficiency of babies. There is no such deficiency. In spite of the fall in the birth-rate, which is now universal all over Europe, there is still not a country which shows a decline in population—still less one which shows a higher death-rate than birth-rate. In practically every country the income is greater than the outgo.

It is true that the gap is narrowing. In no country is it narrowing more than here. In 1880, that is little more than fifty years ago, the birth-rate was 34 per 1,000 of the population; in 1930 it had fallen to 16 per 1,000. And though in the same time the death-rate has fallen from 20 to 11.4, we are now definitely approaching the time when our population will be declining.

Next to ourselves among the great nations the most striking downward movement is that in Germany. Indeed, it is more striking, for it has come with a sudden rush. Between 1920 and 1930—that is, in one decade—the birth-rate there has gone down from 25.9 to 17.5 per 1,000. It is an eloquent comment on the hardships of life in Germany since the war. But even in Germany the population is still increasing.

Born for slaughter

Still more so is it the case in Italy and France, where the demand for more babies is also being officially promulgated. France has a birth-rate of 18 per 1,000, and Italy a birth-rate of no less than 26—the highest of any country in Europe. Neither has a decent right to ask for more babies, for they both have a disgracefully high death-rate, that of France (15.6) being the highest in Europe.

It is not, therefore, because France, Italy and Germany are seriously threatened with depopulation that they are clamouring for more babies. It is because each country is in fear that its neighbours will win in the race for human material to man the trenches and die in the trenches should another world war come.

That fear will be real enough if the Disarmament Conference which reassembles next week breaks down with a confession that Europe is always to be a shambles, and that another generation of babies is to be born for slaughter on the battlefields.

The removal of the menace of war is the first condition necessary to a sane and intelligent view of the baby question. That question perplexes every country, and it admits of no solution that covers every case. Australia, with its population of two persons to the square mile, obviously needs more babies. Japan, with its 321 persons to the square mile, as plainly needs fewer babies.

Yet while the population of Australia remains stagnant at 6,000,000, the population of Japan at 84,000,000 adds the equivalent of the whole Australian people to its crowded cities every five years.

What is to be the end of a fantastic disparity like this? Who can calculate the menace of the Japanese babies to the Pacific world and the Asiatic world a hundred years, or much less than a hundred years, hence?

Or take the case of India with its sparse soil and its 200 people to the square mile, against Australia's beggarly two. If there is one country in the world more than another where the birth-rate needs control it is India. Most of its misfortunes are due to the terrible and reckless fecundity of the people.

Plunged too far?

Yet, as a report on the subject issued recently shows, nothing seems more hopeless than the attempt to break down the Hindu tradition which makes the propagation of children regardless of social consequence almost a religious duty.

Against this vast and ominous increase of the Asiatic peoples Europe presents the phenomenon of a continent which has called a halt to its population. In every country the birth-rate is plunging down. Has the plunge gone too far or is it going too far?

In so far as it is the result of a desire for a higher standard of life, it cannot be condemned or regretted. The quality of a people is ultimately of more importance than the quantity. And that in this country at all events the quality of our people physically is vastly improving is evidenced by Sir George Newman's recent report on the health of the nation.

The one subject for concern is that the decline in the birth-rate is most marked in the intellectual and administrative classes and least marked among the very poor.

It is too soon to say that birth control has gone too far. But it is not too soon to say that it must not be relaxed for the hideous gambles of war.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Haunted by GUILT

AN appeal has just reached me through the editor, the like of which I do not remember to have previously received from a reader of JOHN BULL. It is that I should say something to relieve the mind of a young fellow who is convinced that he has committed an offence which will never be forgiven in this world or the next.

Is it murder, rape, arson, robbery with violence, breaking someone's heart and causing consequent suicide? No.

What then? Neither more nor less than having uttered some careless words on a sacred subject years ago when he was only a boy.

At the time he was a member of a disorderly class of youngsters in Sunday school, and, when his teacher said something about the Spirit of God, he made an irreverent remark to a companion in order to appear daring, as boys will.

Next Sunday, to his horror, the teacher read aloud to the class a passage from the Bible which speaks of the sin of blasphemy against the Spirit of God as unpardonable.

I do not think the teacher knew anything about the boy's flippant expression of a week before, nor would he have imagined what effect he was producing upon a sensitive conscience in selecting that particular passage upon which to base a lesson to children.

It was most unfortunate anyhow, for ever since the poor lad has been haunted by the conviction that he has been guilty of something that will send him to hell. He is now a young man in the early twenties, but the subject preys on his mind as strongly as at first and gives him no peace.

Other readers may laugh at this, but it is no laughing matter. That the trouble is purely imaginary makes it no less depressing; and if it cannot be got rid of, it will spoil what otherwise would be a good and useful life.

The Biblical warning which hangs over the young fellow like a black shadow means the exact opposite of what he thinks. The very fact that anyone can feel troubled about having done wrong is proof positive that he has not committed what is unpardonable.

For the warning in question is simply a warning against quenching the spirit of goodness in ourselves and silencing the voice of conscience. If we do that and keep on doing it, the time will come when we do not care; we are morally dead.

It is like being poisoned by foul fumes, and giving in and going to sleep instead of making for fresh air and opening the lungs to what will save our life.

Many people suffer from fixed ideas which keep them weak and miserable instead of blithe in spirit and strong in will. They tell themselves that if they had not done this or that they would have been happy.

If they had called in the doctor in time or not given the wrong medicine to a sick child, or paid more attention when a loved one complained of feeling ill, or refrained from speaking harshly to one who is now no more, how different life would be now!

This is probably a delusion. But even if it is not, one's clear duty is not to let past mistakes fetter us or hold us back from doing our best with the opportunities that are still ours.

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Road risks are ever present—but there were risks to investors in these fade-away companies not usually encountered in the world of insurance

THREE BAD BROTHERS

—in an Impudent Insurance Venture

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

Weekly Informations from Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

WHITE suggests light and hope, but this does not apply to three brothers named White who have been operating for some time in the world of Insurance.

These brothers have left behind them a trail of despair among those who have invested money in their various companies.

Their methods, I find, are frequently the same. A new insurance company is floated with a nominal capital of anything from £10 to £500, and a few shares are subscribed for by the directors.

Then begins a campaign of advertising for branch managers who are appointed in various towns when they have deposited £300 as security.

For a few months things go well, but then comes the sound of distant thunder heralding the approaching storm. Shortly afterwards these "White" insurance companies are sunk in a sea of financial difficulties.

Salaries of the staff fall into arrears, and those who provided substantial sums of money by way of security for their jobs are ruined.

The first of this precious trio of the insurance world is Clifford Denbigh White, director of Messrs Harvey and Payne, Ltd., Insurance Brokers, of Walbrook, E.C., and other addresses.

"Gone away"

Then there is Herbert Cyril White, director of Road Traffic Insurance, Ltd., of Astor House, Aldwych, and other addresses. This man was also a director of Carthew, Ltd., and Herbert White and Co., Ltd., both insurance broking concerns.

Finally, I may mention Gordon Skelsey White, director of White Motor Policies, Ltd., Carthew, Ltd., and Crusader Motor Policies, Ltd.

All of these companies, promoted by one or the other of the White brothers, have one thing in common. Each is floated with a nominal capital of £500 in £1 shares, the addresses are changed with remarkable frequency, and the companies are either compulsorily wound up or peter out of existence. Letters addressed to them come back.

Perhaps the most prominent of this trio is Clifford Denbigh White, who is now engaged in dodging unfortunate men who have invested their all in his concerns.

He created the firm of Messrs. Harvey and Payne, Ltd., with a registered office in Walbrook, London, E.C.4. This company, which began operating in 1931, had a nominal capital of £500 divided into £1 shares. Freda Dorothy White, a ladies' hairdresser, of 5, Westbrook Mansions, North Circular Road, Palmers Green, and Clifford Denbigh White, of the same address, were directors.

They were apparently satisfied to subscribe for twenty-five shares. Clifford Denbigh took one share, but shortly afterwards allotted himself 299 shares for considerations other than cash.

One of his first moves was to advertise in the Press for managers to take charge of the various branch offices which the firm was to open in London and the provinces.

Many efficient men have been attracted by the rosy promises held out by Clifford White, and such are his powers of persuasion that they have handed to him sums ranging from £300 as a security.

Many changes

In return they have been appointed branch managers at a salary of £3 10s. a week, plus commission.

Within a comparatively short time branches were opened at London, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Newcastle, Manchester, and at many other provincial towns of importance.

These nation-wide activities, plus the lordly manner of Clifford White as he drove about in an expensive car, has given the impression that the business is flourishing.

But its career has been marked by several disquieting changes in the concern's head office address. From Walbrook it moved to the Strand; a few months later it migrated to Mitre Chambers, Mitre Street; and last June it moved again, this time to 14, Cursitor Street.

The last was an accommodation address to which a messenger boy or White himself would go for letters. Recently Clifford White has stopped collecting letters from this address. He has also forgotten to pay the rent that is due!

What happened to one man in a provincial town who was appointed a branch manager of Messrs. Harvey and Payne, Ltd., is typical of the experience of others who have been drawn into this far-flung net.

This branch manager, having given White £300 as security, was duly installed and began work at a salary of £3 10s a week and commission.

He started with zest, appointed local agents, and business began to boom.

But after a few months Clifford Denbigh White sent out a letter from the head office which meant ruin to him and to many other £300 investors.

"It is with considerable regret," wrote White, "that I have to advise you that owing to the financial position in which I now find this company, certain drastic measures have now to be adopted with a view to making every attempt to safeguard the interests of yourself and the company by means of a ruthless scheme for reconstruction.

". . . . In the meantime, in view of the financial position in which the company finds itself, it is essential that salaries must fall into arrears, and whilst I deeply regret the inconvenience this must necessarily cause I feel certain you will regard this in the light of the policy essential to the success of such reconstruction."

This wordiness of White meant nothing, the company was never reconstructed; its chief activity was in changing its address.

Angry managers

Irate branch managers have hunted for Clifford Denbigh White, but he has been too elusive for them.

He promised to call at each branch, but these visits were postponed. He arranged for branch managers to come to London for conferences, but this arrangement was also postponed. In fact, he has broken one promise after another.

Meanwhile, reputable insurance firms have been put to endless trouble. Some have had to send out letters pointing out that Harvey and Payne, Ltd., no longer act as their agents. In many cases these reputable firms have been compelled to cancel their agreement with the agents owing to difficulties in getting settlement of outstanding accounts.

In fact, Harvey and Payne, Ltd., have now collapsed in a welter of debt, despair and desolation.

A recent letter from Clifford Denbigh White to one of his late branch managers who had written to demand at least partial repayment of his £300 paid as security only a month before the firm collapsed is interesting.

White writes from the office of Messrs. Herbert White and Co., Ltd., Astor House, Aldwych, an insurance concern run by his brother Herbert Cyril White.

Excuses . .

"I am afraid I cannot at the moment send you any money because I haven't any" is his amazing admission to a man whom he has ruined!

"When I tell you that the bailiffs are in my flat for rent owing to my landlord, and that I have had to pawn my personal belongings to keep myself going," he adds "I think you will understand my present position."

It is only necessary to add that almost any company in which either of the three brothers appears as director has a short and inglorious career.

Thus, Road Traffic Insurance, Ltd., was formed with H. C. White and Nellie Alma White as directors. H. C. resigns and his brother Gordon Skelsey appears as a director. Later there is another shuffle and H. C. White becomes a director in place of Gordon.

The last address of this company was 14, Cursitor Street, but letters sent there come back marked "Gone away."

Gordon Skelsey White was also managing director of White Motor Policies, Ltd., which ended in compulsory liquidation. His methods were similar to those of his brother which have been outlined.

The statement of affairs was lodged on January 11, 1933. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining it, although an application was made to court for an order to compel its submission.

Gordon Skelsey White was likewise a director of Crusader Motor Policies, Ltd., which has been removed from the Companies Register at Somerset House for failing to render proper annual returns.

This again is typical of the way in which these insurance concerns created by one or other of the White brothers came to grief.

I can only hope that anyone with money to invest will give a wide berth to any insurance scheme with which these brothers may be connected.

The Dread Diagnosis

THE urgency with which the doctor rushed through the streets of a Northumberland mining village told of the seriousness of his mission. His tap at the door of the cottage that was his destination, while too soft to disturb the two sick people within, confirmed the fears of the kindly neighbours that a critical moment had come.

Typhoid! That was the diagnosis yielded by his blood-test. A dreadful enough word under any circumstances, but how many times more so in the present instance, with both husband and wife victims at the same time!

The husband was a shift worker in the pit whose job, with its ever-present element of danger to life and limb, was at the best of times so precarious that he never knew how long he would be able to keep it. His wife was that brave and loyal type of woman which abounds in such communities, ever ready to be at his side when injury or illness came his way.

Afflicted together! You have to know how utterly dependent they are on each other in a miner's home, how each must pull his or her weight if they are to get through at all, to know what calamity lies in those words.

And the question of money . . . you don't have to know really a lot about a miner's life to understand that part of the problem.

It was a worried man who took in his hand one morning a mysterious-looking letter from London. But a broad smile swiftly followed the opening of that letter, with its cheque for £11 11s.—JOHN BULL'S Benefit of £5 5s. for each with an addition of 10 per cent. because more than three months had elapsed since he had filled in such a coupon as you will find to-day on page 39.

Typhoid, like diphtheria, smallpox, measles, etc., is one of the forms of illness for which our free insurance makes provision, and a generous bonus is always added to benefits paid to registered readers of three months' standing.

BAD LEGS

LEG ULCERS & WOUNDS

THERE are scores of so-called leg remedies, but there is only one Tremol Treatment for Bad Legs. See that you get it. Your bad leg is too serious a matter, too painful a complaint, too great a handicap, to be trifled with. Make sure that you get the right treatment. Little "bits" of this and "bits" of that will never heal your Bad Leg. You must do the thing thoroughly and have proper and correct treatment for your leg prepared specially for your own case by those who know how to make your leg sound and well. Many thousands of Bad Leg sufferers have had their legs made sound and well by the Tremol Treatment, and hundreds are being cured to-day. The Tremol specialists have devoted their lives to the cure of Wounds and Ulcers and Eczema of the legs. They are experts in leg complaints. They are ready and willing now to heal your Bad Leg straight away if you will write and allow them to do this service for you.

HAVE DONE WITH THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG

At best that wound is a daily worry and nuisance. At the worst it is terrible to you in its agonising pain and irritation. If allowed to go on it will make you a cripple for life. Besides, there is the risk of burst veins and blood poisoning ever present with a wound or ulcerated leg.

Write to-day to the address below. Give the word now and banish for ever your leg trouble. It does not matter where you live. From Land's End to John o' Groats the Treatment cures—in your own home—by your own fireside. Your age matters not—the Treatment cures Bad Legs at all ages. You may have tried twenty other remedies—that fact counts for nothing. Thousands upon thousands have been cured under Tremol Treatment, and they had first tried plenty of other remedies before being cured by Tremol. No matter where you have been or what you have tried, this Treatment is certain in its results and will bring about your complete recovery.

All pain is quickly banished, all inflammation dies away, all swelling subsides, your leg becomes soundly healed and your future health and strength is vastly improved.

Suffer no more pain and waste no more time. Fill in the coupon below and send it to The National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester. You will then receive a free illustrated Book which explains everything, and commence to cure yourself in your own home.

Is there an open wound?
Is your leg ulcerated?
Is the ulcer inflamed?
Does the wound discharge?
Does the ulcer form scale?
Is the wound getting larger?
Have you had false healing with the ulcer breaking out again?

If you suffer from any of these leg ulcer troubles, write to-day. It will be your first step towards recovery.

LEG ECZEMA

ITCHING, DRY & WEEPING

VARICOSE leg Eczema arises from the same causes as varicose ulcers. Sometimes it is dry and intolerably itchy. At other times it is raw, inflamed and weeping. Sometimes the whole leg is one red mass of skin inflammation from the knees to the toes. At other times the Varicose Eczema is all around the ankle. Both forms of the complaint are chronic and can only be cured by proper treatment. The "bit of this and that" is useless. A special form of Tremol Treatment is prepared for Varicose Leg Eczema, and the results to the chronic sufferer are most gratifying and amazing. The leg Eczema is quickly cured. The redness, soreness, inflammation and weeping soon vanish. The itching and irritation is rapidly subdued. All discomfort quickly goes away, and a clean, natural, healthy skin is your reward. The leg is thoroughly cured.

If you suffer from leg Eczema and want to get rid of the complaint write at once to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book which tells you how to get cured to stay cured.

VARICOSE VEINS

THE dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are:—

(1) Simple Dilatation. (2) Loss of Elasticity. (3) Dilatation in all directions. (4) Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves. (5) Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest Specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operations, for if they are cut out the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because, unfortunately, the hopes based upon injection Treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the Treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration, and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, clots become absorbed, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free illustrated Book now, which tells you all about your Varicose Veins. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.*

SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS

WHAT do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly! That may be, but the end is worse than looks unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Perhaps the joints are all swollen and painful. If so, there is deep-seated inflammation. The blood vessels and lymphatic cells under the skin are charged full of acid poison, which, if not speedily removed, will bring on Synovitis and joint disease. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen limbs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. Write to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book, which tells you how to cure your swollen limbs at home in comfort and quickly. Sign the coupon below and send to-day.

ECZEMA & SKIN ERUPTIONS

SPECIAL Treatment is prescribed to suit each case of Eczema and skin eruptions. Chronic Eczema is conquered, disfiguring face eruptions vanish, itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Read these questions:—

1. Do you suffer from Psoriasis? 2. Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back? 3. Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp? 4. Is there dreadful Itchiness? 5. Have you Boils or Abscesses? 6. Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous? 7. Are the hands or feet affected? 8. Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows or Body?

If you suffer from any of these skin troubles write at once to the National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, for the free illustrated publication and get your skin trouble cured straight away. Fill in the coupon below.

PSORIASIS

AS the result of years of research and practical daily experience a grand Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady. This Treatment for Psoriasis has given and is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of former and present sufferers. The results are truly astonishing. Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body soon fade away under this Treatment, and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have. The scurf, red patches, and matted scales on your head quickly subside and a beautifully clear scalp, with healthy hair, is your reward.

GET RID OF YOUR PSORIASIS

Fill in the Coupon below and send it to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, for the Free illustrated publication which explains everything. You will be gratified and astonished at the remarkable results achieved by this splendid new treatment.

N.B.—*There is a special Treatment which is highly successful for those who suffer from Pruritis and the agony of intolerable constant itching and irritation of both the external skin and mucous membrane. There may be no eruptions but the irritation is dreadful. The cause is disordered blood circulation. Write for the book, state your complaint and get instant relief and a lasting cure.*

Under the Tremol treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted.

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. BOYD CABLE, the well-known AUTHOR and TRAVELLER, after an exhaustive study of the facts, says of the Tremol Treatment:—

"This Treatment is an honest and proved method of cure, and those administering it are doing good humane work where it is most needed, and are entitled to all recognition of their success." Therefore write for the book at once.

A limited number of copies of this interesting book with full particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, ULCERS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS, ECZEMA OR SKIN DISEASE, PSORIASIS, OR VARICOSE VEINS, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the book. If your case is a curable one, the book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward B.L., 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON

Ward B.L.

ADDRESS:—National College, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester. Please send valuable book and all particulars of treatment free of charge.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

.....

.....

State Complaint .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

A Female Judas

WIDOW and SON CRUELLY BETRAYED

Once of independent means, Mr. Beaufoy is now penniless and reduced to the ranks of the tragic army of jobseekers

FATE holds strange turns of fortune in everyday affairs, and infinite are the ways by which a man may be reduced from good circumstances to penury.

But surely there has never been a story so extraordinary as that of Norman William Beaufoy, which we here make public.

Two years ago, Norman Beaufoy had no great cause for worry in this world. He was a man approaching middle life, in good general health—despite the nervous and mental complaint from which he had previously suffered as a result of war service—living with his old mother in their well-furnished villa at Woodside Road, Wood Green.

The two had quite sufficient means for their requirements. They owned the freehold of their house, and had substantial investments in "gilt-edged" stocks. This estate had been left by the late Mr. Beaufoy, for many years a prosperous shipbroker.

That was Norman Beaufoy's position two years ago. To-day he is completely destitute, living in a small Portsmouth lodging-house by the charity of his landlady.

Every penny of his fortune has been stolen from him.

And always he has one heartbreaking memory—that his gentle-born mother now lies in a pauper's grave.

One person alone is responsible for that fact and for the present plight of Norman Beaufoy. That person is Mrs. Gladys Mary Smith, and she has proved herself a veritable female Judas!

Shell-shocked

During the war, Beaufoy was returned from France with shell-shock. He was sent to the Napsbury Mental Hospital, which was then a military institution for the treatment of neurasthenic cases.

After three months at this admirable hospital, he was discharged as cured, but as unfit for further army service.

The war agony of Beaufoy has, as we shall show, an all-important bearing on subsequent events.

He was living happily with his widowed mother in Woodside Road, Wood Green, when Mrs. Gladys Mary Smith became their neighbour.

She was a woman of strong personality, and, as it turned out later, vivid imagination.

As a neighbour, she became very friendly with old Mrs. Beaufoy and her son. By mischance, in July, 1931, Norman Beaufoy blundered into some trifling trouble with the police. He was arrested at Enfield, charged with loitering and fined £1.

From the time of that case Mrs. Gladys Mary Smith began what was in effect a scheme of robbery, through the agency of fear, against Norman Beaufoy and his mother.

With feigned friendliness, she confided in Beaufoy an "official" secret, which she declared she had learned. As an outcome of the loitering charge, she said, the authorities of Napsbury Mental Hospital were anxious to get the man back, and two attendants were being sent to take him.

A background of detail was used by Mrs. Smith to substantiate her story. She even mentioned the names of doctors. But, added Mrs. Smith, the neighbour and friend, such matters could be squared. The two attendants could be bribed with the sum of £45. If that money was handed to her, she would see that Norman Beaufoy was left alone.

Believing every word of this story, Beaufoy drew a cheque and made his first payment to Mrs. Smith.

In excuse for the foolishness of Norman Beaufoy in parting with the money must be advanced the fact that he was influenced by the woman being a policeman's wife, and also by his wartime recollections.

Stimulated by her first success, Mrs. Smith continued what she must have considered was an easy campaign of money-taking.

Constantly she played on the fears of Mrs. Beaufoy and her son. She saw fresh opportunity when the mother fell seriously ill. Hospital treatment was necessary, and this, Mrs. Smith persuaded the two, would be best arranged by her. She drew from the Beaufoys such sums as £15 15s. as an entrance fee to the hospital; £50 for an operation, and £16 a month for maintenance in the hospital.

Her ingenuity developed as the repeated payments were forthcoming. She even told Norman Beaufoy that his mother had broken a most expensive thermometer in the hospital, and the son handed over £20 as compensation for this alleged damage.

Another story was that Mrs. Beaufoy had lost one of the £16 monthly receipts and therefore the money must be paid again. And Norman Beaufoy paid it.

All lies!

All Mrs. Smith's statements were lies. She passed none of the money to the hospital authorities.

Later the question arose of Mrs. Beaufoy entering another hospital. Again Mrs. Smith offered to arrange this, and again money was necessary. In this instance an entrance fee of £60 was demanded, and was paid by the son. But then—according to Mrs. Smith—the hospital would not accept Mrs. Beaufoy as a patient, and, what was more, would not return the £60.

Some arrangement obviously had to be made for the care of this elderly woman, to whom the doctors gave only a short term of life.

Mrs. Smith, the "real" friend, again came forward with proposals. She would look after Mrs. Beaufoy during her remaining years for the payment of £100 and the transfer of the ownership of the Beaufoy house.

More money was paid over, and the house in Woodside Road was transferred by formal legal agreement to Mrs. Smith!

There remained the son. How was Mrs. Smith to deal with him?

Once again the lunacy idea was operated. She came to Norman Beaufoy in great excitement with "new information." There had been a change of the governing board at Napsbury Mental Hospital. Bribes which she had paid—on behalf of Beaufoy—to the old board would be ineffective with the new directors.

Money would be needed to quieten the new officials, or otherwise search parties would be sent out and Norman Beaufoy would be captured.

"My advice to you," said Mrs. Smith in effect, "is that you should disappear. Go away and live somewhere out of London under a different name. Sell all your securities, or the hospital people will seize them, and leave the money with me. Then I will send you so much each week to keep you going, and nobody will know what has happened."

And Norman Beaufoy did this! He sold up everything that was left of his small fortune, and he handed it to Mrs. Gladys Mary Smith. Then he went to Portsmouth, obtained lodgings, settled down and waited.

Mother's death

Very soon he found that the small sums of money sent by Mrs. Smith dried up at their source.

When he began to make enquiries, he made a distressing discovery.

His mother had been taken ill again, despatched by Mrs Smith to the local infirmary, and had died there.

And she had been buried by the Poor Law authorities, although there was a place awaiting her in the Beaufoy family vault in Abney Park cemetery, where she could have been laid to her last rest beside her husband.

Finally, in this year, when legal investigations were set in train, evidence was gained which proved that each one of Mrs. Smith's variegated stories to the Beaufoys was a tissue of lies.

She had stolen from them everything they owned: house, shares and money.

Attempts were made on behalf of Norman Beaufoy to secure restitution, but Mrs. Smith made a complete denial of the allegations against her.

Then the police took up the matter, and as a result Mrs. Gladys Mary Smith is now absent in Holloway Prison for a period of just punishment.

This is satisfactory for society, but it cannot alter Norman Beaufoy's present plight. He is now no more than a pauper, whereas he should be a man in comfortable circumstances, beyond the reach of worry. He has lost all because of the trust he and his mother placed in this female Judas.

Not from the B.B.C.—Judge Crawford puts forward a

PLEA *for* PLAIN JANE

ALTHOUGH I am a judge who has
His corner in the news,
No pun has ever passed my lips;
To win renown with jests and quips
I steadily refuse;
Instead, I seek to clear the air
With gusts of wisdom, rich and rare.

The late lamented Solomon
In me would find a mate;
Old Socrates, when in his stride
And going well, I long have tried
My best to emulate;
Each day for many years I've sought
To give the world some gem-like thought.

"Attractive women often turn
Out badly." There you are!
A judge who, right off his own bat,
Can find out hidden truths like *that*,
In thought has travelled far!
Who else before has ever guessed
That beauty is not always blest?

People must often wonder how County Court Judges, coroners and J.P.s manage to unearth the Great Thoughts to which they give utterance. I suppose it is a gift. But what surprises me is not my own success in discovering profound philosophic truths, but the failure of humanity to take advantage of them.

For instance, I doubt if my pronouncement that "Attractive women often turn out badly" will bring about a slump in lipstick and silk stockings or a boom in elastic-sided boots and flannel underwear. What young fools of the masculine gender overlook is that an attractive female is not attractive only to them, so that they are faced with the task not only of winning her, but of keeping her.

How much more sensible it is to select the sort of fiancée or wife who can be deposited in a railway waiting-room in the absolute certainty that she will not be stolen during one's absence.

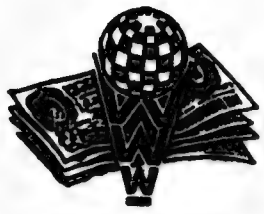
Feminine beauty has always been a source of disturbance, from the age of Adam to that of King Kong. If Helen had squinted and had had a snub nose, there would not have been a Trojan war. And it is certainly no answer to this to point out that the fact of the landlady having an unsystematic nose and a couple of spare chins has not prevented war in many a boarding-house.

I fear that the average male argues that, although the attractive female often proves a thorn in the flesh, there is no proof that the Plain Jane won't prove both a thorn in the flesh and a cinder in the eye. Upon those who take this attitude the rich fruits of judicial wisdom are, of course, wasted; but I venture to say that there are several historical personages who would have done well to have sought the advice of a County Court Judge before choosing their lady friends.

If Antony had only known
What I, Judge Crawford, know
From Cleopatra he'd have flown,
In Egypt long ago;
And Samson would have kept his hair,
Remaining strong and active;
And Troy would not have fallen phut
If Paris had not been a mutt
When Helen proved attractive.

Warned by the fate of these, who found
That Beauty was accursed,
The modern youth is surely bound
To study "Safety first"!
He should, in seeking out a mate—
Unless he's soft and silly—
Choose one whose figure's far from neat,
With homely face and large, flat feet—
He *should*, I say—but *will* he?

"Worldwide" Clubs
—the Hobby that pays



"Worldwide" Clubs
—the Hobby that pays

Whatever your circle

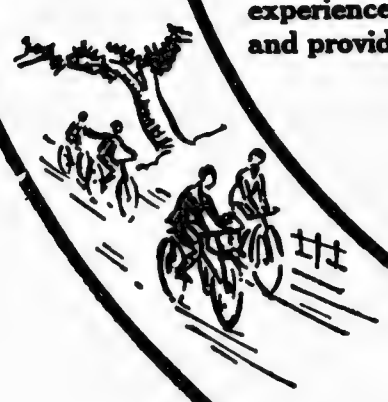
YOU CAN MAKE EXTRA MONEY!

No matter what your job is, housewife, office, factory or outdoor worker, you can earn good Commission and Profit-Share (from £2 up to £5 and more) in your spare time—Extra Money for new clothes, for the home, for pleasure or luxuries, or to put aside for a "rainy day."

Organise a "Worldwide" Club—the friendliest hobby in the world for any man or woman. Easy, pleasant, and profitable. You have no samples to carry or selling to do—you need no experience or capital, we show you how and provide everything you need, free.

You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from our Warehouses—at Warehouse prices on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly, and save from 5/- to 10/- in the £. Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description.

Take this opportunity to add to your income—Send the Coupon to-day for our Illustrated Bargain Catalogue (Free) and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—you will be under no obligation and they will certainly interest you.



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CHARLES STREET WAREHOUSES
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WORLDWIDE
WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES STREET ✣ MANCHESTER 1.

Villainy of a SINISTER SLEUTH

While the would-be detective was happily preoccupied his unscrupulous employer had plenty of time to make a clean get-away!

ONE of the most versatile rogues at large to-day is a man whose chief alias of late has been that of Jacob Mansfield. He is a master of pretence, and has posed variously as a retired prison governor, an ex-warder, a "confidential Home Office official attached to H.M. Prisons" and a private detective.

In these different guises he has preyed upon men and women in all walks of life and in many parts of the country. But though he is much wanted, he contrives to remain free.

His principal addresses have been in the West End of London, but he uses offices in various parts of the metropolis and in some of the leading provincial towns. As a result of investigations just concluded, we are here able to unmask him completely.

One of his more recent coups was staged from a well-equipped office in a central part of Shrewsbury, where he established himself as the "Central Detective Bureau."

According to the stories he told his clients, there was no case too intricate or too delicate for him to handle.

Much of his experience, he confided, had been gathered while acting as a confidential expert at Scotland Yard and later when enquiring into irregularities in the Civil Service on behalf of the Home Office.

Having gained confidence all round with impressive talk of this kind, Mansfield began to advertise in local newspapers for an "energetic partner."

Among the many applicants who responded was a retired Naval man, who found Mansfield very charming, very businesslike and very understanding.

He was told that he was just the type of man required to assist in a difficult case of blackmail that the bureau was investigating in Edinburgh.

A woman there had been brought to the verge of ruin by several criminals who were proving too clever for the local police. She dreaded the result of her refusal to pay over any more money and had engaged the Central Detective Bureau to safeguard her interests.

The ex-Naval man was delighted at the prospect of securing work and agreed to deposit £100 as evidence of good faith on the understanding that it would be returnable at three days' notice.

* * *

Then his new duties began with a rush. Mansfield took him to Edinburgh and confidentially pointed out to him several buildings which were said to house members of the blackmail gang.

When detailed instructions had been given as to how he should proceed with his enquiries he was left to carry on single-handed while the principal of the Central Detective Bureau returned to Shrewsbury.

For several days the man diligently made investigations as instructed. But as he could find no evidence of any blackmail plot he wired to his chief to ask how he should proceed.

As no reply was forthcoming he paid his hotel bill, settled the various debts incurred during his abortive enquiries, and returned to headquarters.

At least, he set off for Shrewsbury with that intention, but a nasty shock awaited him, for the Central Detective Bureau was not to be found.

The office was closed and real detectives were now enquiring for the missing Jacob Mansfield!

The only consolation that remained for him was the discovery that he was not alone in his trouble. Several other budding detectives, it transpired, have from time to time parted with substantial cash deposits for the privilege of entering Mansfield's employ.

* * *

From Shrewsbury the engaging Mr. Mansfield has since been traced to Worcester, where he advertised again for partners, in his brazen fashion, with almost equal success.

Reading, Slough and Portsmouth are other centres where he has defrauded people with his inimitable stories.

And all this time he has been wanted on a warrant issued for his arrest in connection with earlier ventures run from an office in Oxford Street, London.

Some of his victims have sad stories to tell. One man was induced to sell all his National Savings Certificates for investment; and a widow converted valuable stocks and shares in the belief that the money thus raised would set her son on the road to becoming a "great detective."

Apart from obtaining the large sums from partners he has since stranded, Mansfield has netted fees from clients whose cases he was supposed to investigate.

In one instance, where a woman had been swindled out of money in a bogus business, he offered to take up her case on a payment towards his enquiry expenses.

He did little or nothing with regard to her claim, which is not surprising when it is revealed that the bogus business concerned was actually run by one of his own relatives!

So much for his activities as a private enquiry agent.

In other rôles he has met with the same success. Calling upon a firm of radio engineers, for example, he introduced himself as the new chief warder of Wormwood Scrubs jail, having been promoted from a lower post at Maidstone.

He said he had taken a house locally and wanted a really good wireless set.

Several different types were displayed for his inspection, and after considerable deliberation he chose a very expensive instrument of a world-famous make.

He had talked so effectively while making his choice that his request to be allowed to take the set home for three days' trial was readily complied with, and he took it with him in his car there and then.

* * *

But after a lapse of three days the supposed "chief warder" was strangely silent. A tactful enquiry was made at the local address he had given, with the result that the firm learnt that Mr. Mansfield was quite unknown there.

In his prison official guise he has defrauded traders in all parts and has also named Brixton and Pentonville as being the scenes of his employment.

Doubtless his own intimate knowledge of prison routine has aided him considerably in sustaining these poses, for he has served terms in several of His Majesty's jails!

Yet his favourite guise is that of the private detective, and it is in this respect that he has made his biggest hauls.

When Parliament reassembles next November there will be presented a Bill specially framed to curb the activities of such bogus sleuths. It has already received the promised support of 200 M.P.s, and will be a most welcome measure.

But the activities of Jacob Mansfield should engage the special attention of the police long before that.

CROSS-CHANNEL "Miracle Men"

FOR sheer, barefaced effrontery, allow us to introduce you to Monsieur Jules Dupont, of the Arcades des Champs-Elysées, Paris, who without a blush describes himself as a "Famous French Astrologer, Psycho-Analyst, and Mathematician."

Readers of JOHN BULL in many parts of the country have been surprised to receive letters and circulars from Dupont offering to win them large sums of money in prize competitions for an outlay of ten shillings.

For this small sum, generous-hearted Jules Dupont will send his "famous Miracle Method of Competition solving."

"Crosswords, picture puzzles, fashions, ballots, football contests, all treated in the same simple manner and wins come automatically and regularly, week after week," writes the unblushing Jules from the Arcades des Champs-Elysées, Paris.

In fact, all you have to do to win a fortune is to send ten shillings to this French wizard and wealth beyond dreams will come to you.

Somehow, Dupont has obtained the addresses of thousands of people in this country, and he is now engaged in flooding the mail with his uninvited letters.

We can only hope that those of our readers who have been so favoured will refuse to join his "Magic Circle," or pay ten shillings for his "Wonder Method of making money."

Why should he go to the trouble of selling his marvellous method for ten shillings a copy? Why not make the fortunes for himself?

Another queer thing about Jules Dupont is his use of an address in Paris, when all his letters are actually posted in London or Epsom!

But Jules Dupont is not the only astrologer working from a Paris address who is anxious to charm money out of the pockets of our readers.

Strangely enough, a Professor Barrington, of 78, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, almost a next-door neighbour, is busy sending out circulars to people in England.

Professor Barrington describes himself with befitting modesty as the "Most Amazing Prophet of Modern Times."

"Going through the Planetary and Zodiacal positions as calculated from the time of your birth," writes Professor Barrington, "I clearly see many important happenings for you and also a series of circumstances which can eventuate in either tremendous benefit, or alternatively disaster, according to how you handle them."

The Professor is so keen that he will make further and deeper calculations. His fee for a horoscope lasting a year is five shillings, for ten shillings he will extend the period to five years, while for twenty shillings he will cast the horoscope to last a lifetime.

"A fortune lies behind a door which only I can unlock for you," continues this unblushing snatcher of fees. "It is written unmistakably in your horoscope, and for the sake of a little money now, you can become the possessor of riches in a few months, provided you do the things I tell you to."

So the Professor goes on for six pages, followed by a sheet of testimonials printed in the same style as those of Jules Dupont, the miraculous astrologer, next door.

And like Jules Dupont, he has his circulars posted at Epsom, Surrey.

We advise readers to leave both these cross-Channel miracle men severely alone.

The Book of the Century

Important Announcement

CLOSING shortly—only a few days left—may be withdrawn at any moment—such, in brief, is the way matters stand with JOHN BULL's mighty new Presentation Offer.

Unless you act soon, "The Pageant of the Century," that guinea book of over 1,500 unforgettable photographs, may never be yours.

Owing to elaborate and intricate publishing arrangements which must be concluded almost immediately, all reservation forms for this epic work should be despatched without delay. Therefore, if you have not already secured your volume, hurry to do so now. Complete and post the forms that appeared in last week's JOHN BULL right away.

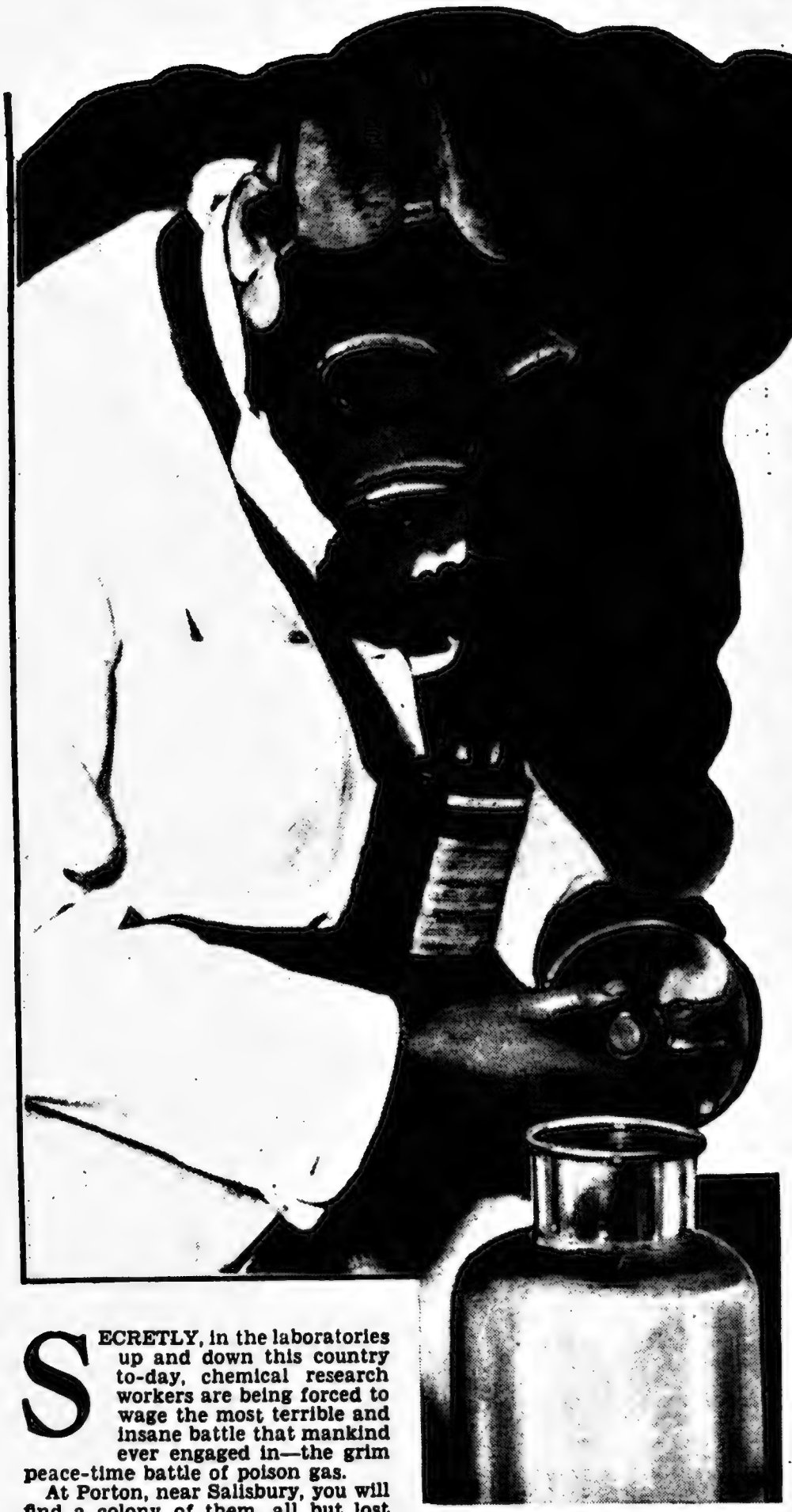
For any home to be without this unique treasure book, this grand march past of the years, would be unthinkable. And yet if you fail to act promptly you will never know the thrill that awaits you in those 700 entrancing pages.

It is a book that will fascinate all ages—for the old it forms a glorious souvenir of all that has happened from 1900 to the present day; for the young, an amazing, amusing vista of the past that educates as it entertains. For ex-Service men and women in particular—indeed for all who lived through the vivid days of the war—this great work is of especial interest and value. In it is the finest collection of war photographs ever assembled in one volume. Dramatic scenes in which you yourself may have taken part.

Remember, another opportunity to secure this stupendous Presentation Production may never come your way again. Make sure of a copy while you can. Send the forms that appeared in last week's JOHN BULL to-day.

OUR POISON GAS

They Sav Maddest



SECRETLY, in the laboratories up and down this country to-day, chemical research workers are being forced to wage the most terrible and insane battle that mankind ever engaged in—the grim peace-time battle of poison gas.

At Porton, near Salisbury, you will find a colony of them, all but lost to the world in the wilderness of the plain. At Sutton Oak, near Salisbury, there is another community of them—hedged in by the belching stacks of chemical factories.

And in the private laboratories of universities, of private research practitioners and of big factories you will find still more of them.

They are the poison gas experts of Britain.

A bad lot of men? Not at all. They are merely doing their job—a most deadly job forced on them by those who, despite all treaties and considerations of humanity, consider poison gas a fair weapon for the massacre of their fellow-men.

Contrary to general belief, the poison gas men of Britain who are busy at their work of experimentation are not so much the famous scientists whose names are household words as the "unknowns" of Science.

The gas research worker—his job not to brew the deadly fumes but to combat them

How many of the public, for instance, have ever heard of the Chief Superintendent of it all—Mr. N. K. Johnson, M.Sc., A.R.C.S., who directs the work from London; or Major A. T. Sumner, M.C., B.Sc., who is next in importance?

Or the Commandant at the Porton station, Colonel E. L. Bond; the Director of Experiments, Major W. C. Ball; or any of the four Superintendents and six other scientific heads there who direct the work of soldier-experts and civil research workers alike?

True, our poison gas experts will tell you that their primary duty is not so much to kill as to save, not so much to discover new death-dealing poison gases as to protect our forty million inhabitants from the deadly inventions of rival laboratories, not to perpetuate the horror of poison gas at all, but to keep Britain in a state of preparedness against a form of warfare that ostensibly has been "outlawed" by the world.

We know that the Chemical Defence Research Department of our War Office—as the poison gas research organisation in this country is known—has carried out poison gas experiments on animals, and even on private soldiers who have been tempted by the bait of extra pay or leave. JOHN BULL has had some criticisms to make about that in the past, and our views on the subject are still unchanged.

Defence—by fog

We know, too, that the authorities have acquired knowledge that would enable them to adapt the plants of hundreds of innocent-enough factories to the manufacture of exterminating gases.

But this is not the only business of our poison gas experts—a business resulting from this maddest armaments race of all, the poison gas race.

Few people realise that one of the most important lines of research on which they are secretly working to-day concerns not a killing gas at all, but one that may make the much-talked-of extermination of our big cities by clouds of poison fumes impossible . . . until such time as foreign chemists find out how to beat the fog?

Yet that is the case. Within a few months of French scientists discovering an artificial means of creating fog so effective that twelve aeroplanes discharging it could hide a village, British scientists discovered a far more effective one. So efficient is it, in fact, that by the quick use of it the aeroplanes normally available for the defence of London could hide the whole capital in an impenetrable cloud.

Aeroplanes are the most dangerous agents for the dissemination of death by poison gas. But fog is the one condition which aeroplane pilots fear more than any other.

Fog can so blot out a target that every missile carried by a machine has to be wasted. Lost in it, a bomber is only too anxious to shed his murderous missiles anywhere and make an effort to get home.

But imagine his plight in such circumstances. "Turning back home" would be easier said than done.

The ground beneath him would be lost altogether, so that attempting to land would be nothing more nor less than courting death. Breaking out of the fog would be the only alternative left to him.

Tragic example

But his squadron would have been unable to keep any semblance of squadron formation in a fog belt that might measure as much as thirty miles across. And when he emerged from it, unprotected by faster fighting machines, absolutely on his own, he would fall an easy prey to the organised squadrons of fighters that were waiting outside the cloud to drive him down.

The terror that gas-bombing aeroplane pilots set out to sow among a civilian population would be theirs and theirs alone in an effective fog of such a kind.

Only last week there was a tragic incident illustrating the peril of fog, natural or artificial, to aircraft. Caught in a natural fog-trap at the finish of the manœuvres, a British Armada of bombers was broken up, one crashing in flames with a loss of two lives and the rest being so dispersed that in the early hours of next morning thirteen were still missing. The next day it was discovered that one of the missing machines had plunged in the sea—again with the loss of two lives.

It would be idle to pretend, of course, that our British chemists have not "invented" gases by comparison with which those used dur-

Nurses receiving anti-gas instruction at the British Red Cross training centre at Peckham

S MEN: the Truth

ey can never ave us in the t Race of all

ing the Great War would be comparatively harmless.

The moment a new gas is discovered, the whole resource of our scientific workers is turned on to the discovery of an antidote. And the moment the antidote is known scientists turn their genius to discovering a deadlier poison. Thus the game goes on.

The Government's gas plant at Sutton Oak begins manufacturing a new gas. Samples go round to the research workers in University and other subsidised laboratories, who concentrate on them day in and day out in the search for a means of defence against the new terror.

The gas chamber

Then, at last, comes the news that one of the chemists has succeeded, and the others are turned on to it to check his results.

And at last the Government's testing station at Porton, near Salisbury, comes into the picture.

Quantities of the antidote to the new gas are taken down and distributed to different manufacturers who, under conditions of the strictest secrecy, produce experimental gas masks. Then Porton prepares for one of its big tests.

Clouds of gas, weak at first, but gradually becoming denser and denser, are pumped into strange little dome-shaped hutments, outside which stand safety workers trained to rescue anyone from the inside of the hut with a minimum of delay.

Then, when the gas content is appreciable, but undoubtedly not enough to penetrate the new mask,

Testing gas-masks in a London factory: On the left is a worker emerging from the gas chamber after trying out a new model. The men on the right are connected to the chamber and receive the fumes through new "emergency masks" while a chemist stands by to note their reactions

there enters the building a man wearing a breathing device in which the new antidote is embodied.

No, he is not a private soldier anxious to earn a few more shillings or a few extra hours of leave this time.

He is one of the more highly-paid research workers of the station, a volunteer, who will stand more, and more, and still more of the gas until life beneath his mask becomes definitely unmanageable, and he has to give a signal to the people outside that he has had enough.

Soon the station officials know for certain whether the new antidote is as effective a counter to the new gas as the laboratory workers believed. And if they judge that it is, and only then, do the tests on private soldiers begin.

Martyr to folly

There are tests as to what strength of gas the masks will keep out. There are tests as to the length of time a soldier can wear them. There are still more tests as to the length of time the effectiveness of the chemical within the mask will endure.

This practice of submitting private soldiers to such dangers is one that is rightly condemned both within Parliament and outside it. But in this dreadful battle of poison gas the tragedy is that risks must be taken—and foremost among those upon whom the risks are forced are the research experts themselves.

There is the case of the late Major W. R. Galway, M.C., who became director of experiments at Porton.

For years he came into daily contact with the most deadly gases known to science, always seeking an antidote, and more often than not helping the staff to find one. At last he had to test a gas which, as one of its unintended and incidental effects, sometimes caused pneumonia.

In March, 1932, Major Galway died from pneumonia—a martyr to the folly of mankind.

And what folly it all is. Because if the senseless race to discover new gases did not go on, the need to discover antidotes to safeguard our population would never arise.

Although poison gas work goes on in Britain, to the horror of all right-minded people, this country is paying as great respect to that part of the Versailles Treaty which prohibits the use in war of "asphyxiating, poisonous and other gases and all analogous liquids" as any other in the world. It claims to be concerned only with experimentation for antidotes and preparation for defence.

Unfortunately, certain European countries that are known to be carrying out intensive poison gas research for aggressive purposes do that under the guise of "defensive measures."

A new poison produced by the chemists "because we want to discover every possible gas so that we shall be able to have an antidote" would be none the less murderous on that account.

Enter the spy

As new discoveries are made our experts embody the results in anti-gas manuals that are the basis of training that is given to Red Cross, St. John Ambulance and other ambulance workers. These people—who hate the whole idea of poison gas warfare with as much loathing and detestation as the chemists who are compelled to take part in it—carry the knowledge throughout the country.

The Germans have actually staged mock gas attacks on towns so that the populations can learn by actually watching; Poland has travelling circuses of gas-protection experts continually going round the country; and every other country, in preparation for the terror that is being forced on it, is teaching its population how to safeguard itself in one way or another.

Allied with our research chemists in this most odious of all wars of peace-time is that most secret of all workers—the spy.

It is only through the spy that the chemists of one country can learn what those of another are doing in this nefarious business. Laboratories are watched. Open-air tests of new gases are kept under observation.

Spies, with noses as analytical as those of perfume blenders, literally find out the rough ingredients of a gas by smell alone, and try to ascertain the rest in their own secretive way.

One such man has, so far as is known, enabled British chemists to get a move ahead of their rivals in the matter of gas defence.

Di-Phenyl-Arsine, or pepper gas, defied all antidotes or gas-masks until recently. And then Dutch chemists discovered a chemical which, embodied in a mask, would give three minutes' immunity.

It was a startling discovery. Every country strove to get the formulæ for an antidote into its possession. And Britain was one of the two countries that succeeded.

A firm of analytical chemists was given the formulæ and asked to find a still more effective antidote. It built a special hush-hush laboratory of its own outside London. And before many weeks had gone it had placed in the hands of the military authorities a mask that would give more than an hour's protection against this deadly gas.

Britain's secret

The poison gas race—for aggression or defence, whichever it be—is a most appalling blot on civilisation to-day. All the more so because in this one respect at any rate it shows that the world is not more humane but more barbarous than it ever was.

There was a day when one man could say that poison gas would never be used in warfare. That was when one country only—Britain—had the secret of it.

It was Lord Cochrane, 10th Earl of Dundonald, who first discovered poison gas, more than a hundred years ago. He was an Admiral at the time, but he said its greatest use would be to gas an army into surrender.

The Duke of Wellington condemned the idea. "Two can play at that game" were the exact words he used.

And later, when Palmerston advocated its use in the Crimean War, it was the phrase "Two can play at that game" that was flung at him, so that the reproach of being first to use poison gas never belonged to this country.

A terrible game

Far more than two are playing at the dreadful game now, so that it is not so easy to stop it as it once was.

And every day, every week, every year the task becomes more and more difficult.

The remedy lies . . . where?

Probably in international agreement, with world punishment for any country breaking its word, if means can be found of adequately enforcing that punishment.

Certainly not in the chemists who are waging their battle in the laboratory—the senseless and terrible battle without end.

The best "kick off" for the day!

If you would be fit and hearty, start each day *right* with a good nourishing breakfast of Quaker Oats.

The absolute purity of Quaker Oats makes it completely digestible, promoting "regular habits" and providing ample nourishment without creating superfluous fat.

Milled from the world's finest oats, Quaker Oats contains every essential quality for building up health and strength. Because of a special roasting process Quaker has a delicious creamy flavour that no other oat has been able to imitate.

Quick Quaker is ready in 4 minutes — the World's quickest hot breakfast, the most economical, too.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

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Quaker Oats Ltd., London

A MISER PAYS— —with his LIFE

"THE child in a spirit of mischief laughed at their cries and trotted onwards—into the path of death. . . . Then I was running madly across the space myself. . . ."

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—56

MOST people suppose that a steeplejack's job must be perpetually thrilling, otherwise my friends would not have badgered me to write this story. Yet the truth is that I've had only one thrill in my life. Still, so many curious elements were combined in the one incident that it is well worth the telling.

It happened in the Midlands, not far from Birmingham. For reasons that will soon be apparent, I cannot give the real name of the place, nor the real names of the people concerned. Otherwise, however, the following is true in every respect, and set down as it all actually occurred.

We'll call the place Honton, and that particular property Chitham's Buildings. Both names are as good as any other, particularly for so wretched a scene.

If you gather from this that the buildings were not all they should have been, you will be thinking that which every one of Chitham's tenants thought. All the Rent Acts in the world could not make him any other than the miser he was.

NOT a soul could detect the slightest noble streak in his character. He was a jerry-builder, a saw-pit proprietor; he acted as coal merchant to the district, and from everything he handled he ground the last penny of profit.

He even compelled his son to work in the coal office for a mere pittance, and would probably have also forced his seven-year-old granddaughter into similar slavery had the law permitted. That was the manner of man he was.

All misers, none the less, make mistakes, no matter how close and careful they are, and I suppose that Chitham's big blunder was when he invested in a piece of waste ground beside his buildings, upon which stood a disused and ruined factory.

Chitham had no intention of pulling down the factory or its tall, isolated chimney-stack. Oh, no! That would have been far too expensive, and hence he merely intended to run up all round the factory a cheap line of cottages, good enough, as he expressed it, for working people.

Anyway, the first indication Chitham had of his blunder was when a notice was served upon him through the agency of the district surveyor.

Clearly, that official had had his eye on the chimney-stack, and, equally obviously, he had been waiting for some owner to turn up and make his position public.

THERE had been complaints about that chimney-stack, I knew. There was not a mother in the buildings who did not often gaze up at it with fearful eyes, for the mere existence of the thing spelt peril and death.

Not only was it in a ruinous condition. It also had a distinct "lean" in the direction of the cottages.

Not unnaturally, therefore, indignation ran high when Chitham appeared unwilling to pay any attention to the district surveyor, and apparently made no move to "secure the property forthwith."

A deputation of villagers called upon him, but he had nothing to say. So the deputation went to the surveyor, and then there was something to say with a vengeance. Threatened legal proceedings forced the old man's hand. The following morning I received a letter, asking if my rates were reasonable!

I went along without delay and examined the structure. At first glance it certainly looked dangerous, and soon my wagon-load of ladders, iron "dogs," rope, tackle and other paraphernalia came upon the scene, ready to help me to a closer inspection.

As old Chitham argued about the cost and a small crowd watched from the buildings, my two assistants rapidly went to work. I don't know whether you've ever seen a steeplejack scale a tall chimney, but I would like to describe his method.

First, then, a "dog" is driven into the masonry. A ladder is then reared against the structure, and a further "dog" is driven in about 4 ft. below the top of the ladder. This done, the ladder is lashed into position upon the "dogs," and, by means of a block and pulley operated from the top of the first ladder, a second is hauled into position.

Soon this in its turn rests upon "dogs"—till from the base to the cap of the chimney a broken line of ladders extends.

Then, as in this case, the operation completed, I unhurriedly mounted the ladders, stopping ever and anon to inspect the brickwork and poke my metal rule into the joints.

On this occasion, as I reached the cornice and walked slowly round, I heard that inevitable gasp from the crowd 200 ft. below. I measured and tapped on that 12 in. foothold—a very good foothold, by the way—and it did not take long to see that the chimney was in a hopeless condition.

The joints at the top were completely empty, and a crack large enough for my fingers ran from half-way up the stack to the very rim. Close inspection proved the whole erection a far more dangerous structure than I had imagined.

I told the old man frankly that it would have to come down. He disagreed, haggled, and at length agreed with my opinions and my charges. The ladders were "struck," and it was agreed that the next day the stack should be "falled."

* * *

THE morning, at seven o'clock, found us again on the scene, ready for the task, while the entire population of the buildings had turned out early and were anxiously watching.

One of my assistants indicated to the crowd the pathway that the stack would take in falling, and saw that it was safely back out of harm's way, two little lines of spectators upon either side of the field.

There, though the chimney would fall between them with about [illegible] yards to spare on either side, [illegible] for I knew I could [illegible] precisely where I desired.

Then we set to work. The more efficient way of felling is by means of high explosives, of course, but this is more expensive than firing—and you can guess the method that Chitham chose.

Gradually, with chisels and hammers and wedges the brickwork was cut away till a considerable hole had been knocked in one side of the shaft. Swiftly this opening was shored up with a thick piece of timber to support the wedged struts, these in their turn supporting a cross-piece above.

With this firm and secure a further section of the brickwork was

(Continued at foot of page 26)

The greatest change in chocolate since the nineties

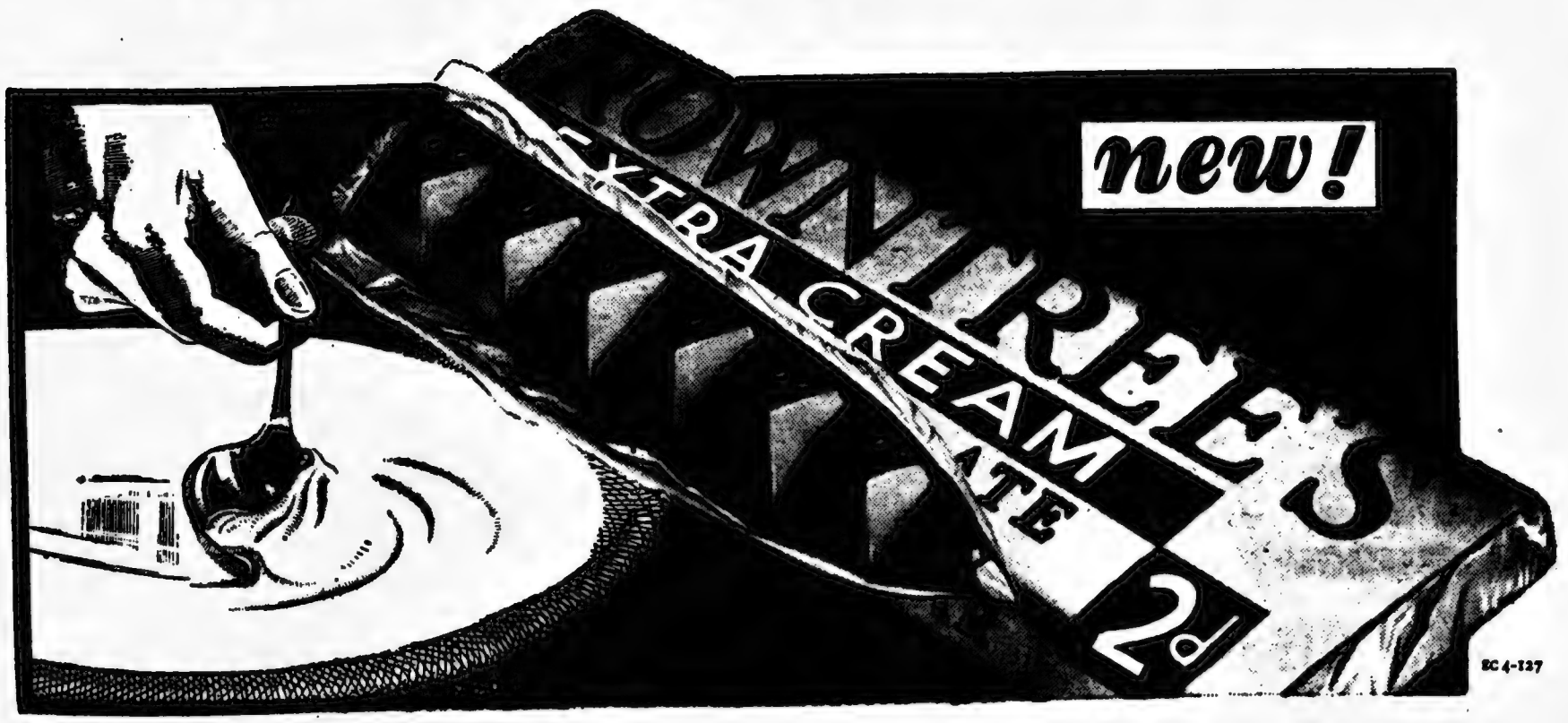
1897—the days of the old horse-drawn omnibus—Milk Chocolate was then quite new.

And now the biggest and best thing that's happened to chocolate since people ate lollipops and sometimes asked for a new sweetmeat called milk chocolate. They were having a war then — in South Africa — and people were asking the meaning of words like "Kloof" and "Kopje." A black-bearded doctor, known to the crowd as "W. G.," was making cricket history, and a strange thing called a horseless carriage appeared. Now comes another great change in chocolate. Rowntree's have introduced a new chocolate made with EXTRA CREAM.★ Not merely new. Not simply better. But the most delicious mouthfuls that ever made you wish for more. You can buy it in big nourishing twopenny blocks and bars, and ¼ and ½-lb. sizes.

★Extra Cream is the ingredient that gave this chocolate a definite preference in an impartial tasting test which was held recently throughout the country.

EXTRA-CREAM

milk chocolate by Rowntree's



SEVEN WAYS OF SAVING *Follow Field's Boys*

FIELD'S LAVENDER SOLID BRILLIANTINE

"You can't beat it," says Tom. **3d** a large tin, or if you are a plutocrat, **6d** a double size tin. Both with safety edges.

LIQUID BRILLIANTINE

Dry Scalp was John's bug-bear until he tried Field's Lavender liquid brilliantine. **6d** for a big bottle is not too much to pay.

FIELD'S LAVENDER HAIR CREAM

Put unruly hair in its place, and keep it there as William does. Pocket size **6d** bottle lasts a long time.

SHAVING CREAM SHAVING STICK

Good economical shaves for Bob. He's impartial, uses either Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Cream. Both are quick-lathering beard softeners. **6d** a stick or tube.

FIELD'S LAVENDER TALCUM POWDER

For after-shaving comfort massage or relieving hike-weary feet, Martin uses this Talcum powder. You'll like it. **6d** a large tin. Smaller size **3d.**

FIELD'S DENTAL CREAM

Give the poor ivories a thought! **6d** is all Ronald invests for a big dividend of health and cleanliness.

FIELD'S LAVENDER TOILET SOAP

George is on a safe bet. A soap that's good for the skin and pleasant to use—**3d** a man's size tablet, or **6d** the magnum size.

FIELD'S

3D LAVENDER 6D

SERIES

FOR MEN

At Chemists, Boots, Timothy Whites, Stores and Woolworths.

Manufactured by J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., London, S.E.1

Greenly's

Winning a Match —and a CAREER

A Greatest Hour by L. N. Constantine

the Famous West Indian Cricketer

IT is not hard for me to decide upon my greatest hour; it was the turning-point in my career, a career which has already brought me, a West Indian Negro, to a moderate-sized industrial town in the North of England.

Before I can fully show the importance to me of that hour I must explain something of my early history, and something of the circumstances which put me in the position I occupied.

It was in 1928. I was in London, a member of the West Indies cricket side then touring England.

We were popular, for we played enterprising cricket; we played for the game's sake. We knew we stood little chance of winning the three Test matches we had been allotted, or indeed of beating all the county sides. So we played gaily, and the crowds took to us.

It was early in June; in spite of good weather and our popularity, we were not paying our way. So far the tour had failed to cover its costs, and we could ill-afford to take any chances.

My fast bowling and hurricane batting "against the clock" had made me, though I say it myself, a big "draw."

* * *

The newspapers had taken me up, calling me the world's greatest all-round cricketer, and the crowds followed suit.

I had been given very little rest during the tour. Long spells of exhausting fast bowling had worn me down, and my physique had given way.

While the rest of the team were up North, I was in London, resting for the extremely important match, at Lord's, against Middlesex on June 9, 11 and 12.

The manager and captain said I must play, whatever the cost. My doctor said it was absurd, and that he would strongly advise me not to touch a bat or ball for at least a week.

It was a critical time for me. I wanted to play for my team's sake; I knew my appearance would make an enormous financial difference; I knew that thousands of Londoners wanted to see me play But, what was more, a good deal depended upon our decision from my own personal point of view.

I was a very young man. I knew that the League cricket clubs of Lancashire were watching with a view to securing professionals to play for them.

There is no money in cricket in the West Indies; in fact, there is no professional cricket at all. Most of the coloured members of the West Indian sides which came here were not too keen on professional jobs.

This is the first time I have admitted it in print; but it is so. We say we do not mean to stay here, and we mean it. But every man has his own future to map out, and business is business.

I knew that if I played while not at my best, and gave a bad display, it would not help me to gain my own objective.

But the team insisted.

The doctor was summoned on the morning of the match, and told that he must get me fit.

"As his medical adviser, I must tell Mr. Constantine that it is extremely unwise to play in his present condition," he said, "but if he wants to play, I can patch him up so that he will be able to run after a fashion."

I decided to play. My captain promised that he would not insist on my bowling on the first day.

Middlesex won the toss, and chose to bat. We went on to the field, and the very first thing my captain did was to throw the ball to me.

I could hardly refuse to bowl. I bowled hard throughout the innings, but without any luck.

Middlesex batted confidently, and declared at 352, with six wickets down. It looked as though we were well beaten.

I went in late. We were not scoring well, but I laid about me lustily and in under an hour had scored 86; then Peebles shattered my wicket.

We were all out for 230.

* * *

Middlesex went in again and this time I was in better bowling form. The rest on Sunday helped tremendously.

I had gathered confidence and was quite oblivious of the pain my leg was giving me. We skittled them out for 136, and I took 7 of the 10 wickets for 57 runs.

The match had now taken on a new complexion. Needing only 259 to win, we stood a chance of turning the tables.

We went in confidently, but right away things began to happen. With five wickets down under one hundred, I walked to the wicket, and set about the bowling to such purpose that in an hour I scored 103 before Haig caught me off Lee's bowling.

I hit two sixes and twelve fours, and the game was won by three wickets. Hearne hurt his hand so badly in stopping one of my drives that he could play no more cricket that season.

It was the greatest match of my career. The papers said I had beaten Middlesex single-handed. As a result, I received an excellent offer from Nelson C.C. to turn professional; I took it, and have played for them ever since.

I have been very happy in England; and as I look back it seems to me that the critical hour was that in which I decided to play in this Middlesex match. It settled my cricketing future, and so I look upon it as my greatest hour.

A MISER PAYS—*with his* LIFE *(Continued from page 24)*

tackled; and so we progressed, section by section, till all but one portion of the base of the stack rested upon timbers. At this stage, Chitham came up.

"Are you sure everything is in order?"

"I can stake my life on it!" I answered, and showed him how the work would proceed. "This timber will be fired, and, as the supports are burned away, it will fall in exactly the opposite direction to this piece of solid wall that is, as you see, on the side of the buildings."

"Yes, yes!" said Chitham. "Well, fire it!" And I watched him stalk away past his son and his son's child, past his tenants, till he took up a remote and solitary position by himself. And, shavings having been collected round the timbers, a match was applied and a flame leapt upwards.

Higher and higher leapt the flames, and I could see that the supports were well alight. We moved away a little now, for the heat was becoming like a furnace. I kept a watchful eye upon the burning, but all was going well.

There came, then, the sound of a crack from the chimney, heard above all the roar of the fire, and a crowd of bricks came tumbling as a cross-support fell away.

It was a matter of minutes now, as the roar and crackling increased and the bricks tumbled.

And then I saw one of the most awful sights of my life, a sight that made my heart take a convulsive leap and for a split second turned me to stone.

Little Joan Chitham had broken away from her parents, and was running across the open space the shaft was to take. Apparently she had seen some young friend of hers in the crowd, and had impulsively started off.

A split second, and the shackles of shock and apprehension fell from me. I saw Joan's father start forward, and I saw his wife pull him back.

I saw the excited gestures of the onlookers, and I heard their screams to the child, who, in a spirit of mischief, laughed at their cries and trotted onwards—into the path of death.

Then I was running madly across the space myself, stumbling stupidly, with thought feverishly suspended in my brain, with my eyes seeing nothing but the child. Closer—closer. . . .

And then one thing more I saw—old Chitham running towards the baby.

I had the child then, I swept her up, and, with a cry to Chitham, I dashed like a hare towards safety. I reached it, and fell, gasping, into a dozen aiding arms, and only just in time.

With a crash and a roar, and a tremendous rush, the giant chimney came helter-skelter down, falling, ruined and unrecognised, with a force that shook the ground as though by an earthquake. Everyone screamed and shouted, then choked in the dust that swept like a storm over everything.

When it had cleared, I heard the child sobbing affrightedly and bitterly, and I heard the mother laughing hysterically as she clasped the kiddy to her; while beside them I saw young Chitham's face. Despite his thankfulness, it was grave.

"Your father?" I cried.

He seemed to wake up then, and we stared towards the ruins, towards a little crowd gathered at the far end.

Well, there must have been some good in old Chitham.

From spectators who had watched every instant, we gleaned the dread truth. Chitham had heard my cry and had seen that the child was safe in my arms, and then he had turned to seek his own safety. But his old legs were not so nimble as mine, and perhaps he was a little breathless from his exertion.

The chimney fell, and he had been seen running frantically before the dust cloud veiled everything. We learned from certain signs that old Chitham had been struck by the great iron hoop that rimmed the chimney.

And we found that he had left everything to his son, on the understanding that the buildings should be renovated and repaired, and that the tenants should live for a month rent free, or, if they owed rent, then it should be forgiven them.

In, his death, I think, was more nobility than in his life.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader tells of a breathless encounter with a panther.*

£150 in prizes

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First prize - - - £50
Second prize - - £10
Third prize - - £5
Ten other prizes, £1 each

FOR MEN

First prize - - - £50
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WRITE YOUR LETTER TODAY

— JUST TWO SHORT PARAGRAPHS

WOMEN *on why you like it for hands*: Women value "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly specially for the way it keeps hands soft and smooth and white in spite of housework. (No mess using it — just a little rubbed in last thing at night. Then wipe clean!)

Write a note to us, just 7 or 8 lines, saying why you like "Vaseline" Jelly for *your* hands. You may as well get the £50 as let some other woman. (If you have not tried this hand treatment, try it regularly for a fortnight, then write!)

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Write a short letter today, just 7 or 8 lines, telling us why *you* like it better, and *earn* £50! (For address to write to, etc., see paragraph 4 in panel on right.)

DIRECTIONS

1. This competition is open to everyone in Great Britain (except employees of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.).
2. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. Print your name and address on the top of each page.
3. The contest closes November 4th. Letters post-marked later than that date cannot be accepted.
4. Post your letter in a stamped envelope to Dept. D1, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.
5. All letters will be judged by an impartial board including Julia Cairns, Editor-in-Chief of Weldon's Publications and the Managing Editor of "The Hairdresser & Beauty Trade," whose decision will be final. Prizes will be awarded during December.

The Chesebrough Mfg. Co. reserves the right to use any ideas submitted in the contest.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

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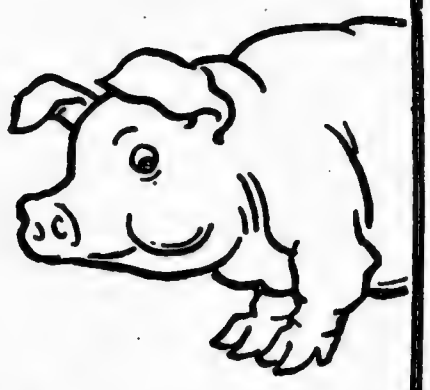

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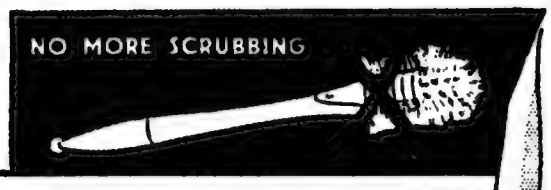

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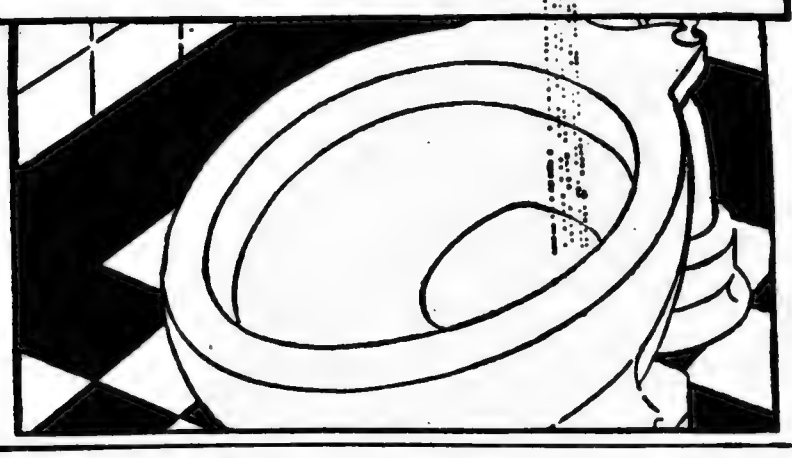

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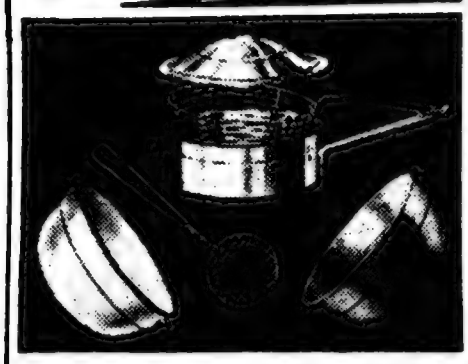

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If you are one of the thousands who are finding that the cares and worries of these difficult times are stealing all your vigour and your strength, finding you cannot make decisions as you once did, finding yourself tired out and listless here is news for you!

There is a simple, pleasant way to build up new strength and vigour which doctors have been recommending for over fifty years. It is just to take three glasses of Wincarnis a day.

You will find it delicious with its lovely aroma and bouquet, and with your very first glass you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins.

For Wincarnis is the perfect tonic for men and women. The wine in every bottle contains all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the vitamins and strength-building elements of beef and malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how delicious it is. See how very soon you find your energy coming back.

HOW TO END YOUR INDIGESTION

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If you suffer from an acid stomach, feel agony after eating; wind, flatulence, indigestion, go to your chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Every doctor knows the Maclean formula, which is used in the Clinics of all the best London Hospitals. All over the country doctors have been using it with wonderful success, even in cases of gastric and duodenal ulcers, and now you can get Maclean Brand Stomach Powder ready packed at your chemist's.

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But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

Wives who Dance Alone

"At these dances I have naturally met other men—one in particular"

NOW, I am not a kill-joy, by any means. I believe that all work and no play not only makes Jack deadly dull, but also interferes with his physical fitness. An occasional outing is of inestimable value. It sends a man or woman back to the daily round refreshed in mind and in body. But this week I want to deal with some common problems that result from an age of restlessness.

Here, to begin with, is a letter which comes from a young woman who, although still in the early twenties, has been married for five years. She is deeply in love with her husband, and he with her, and yet a shadow has arisen that threatens their happiness.

"My husband," she says, "is quiet and reserved, and never happier than when reading a book by the fire. Left to himself, I believe he would never go anywhere but would be quite content to spend every night at home.

"I have the opposite disposition, and am very fond of company and dancing. He, however, does not dance, although I tried to teach him, and I gave it up because it was plain that it bored him. So, apart from a weekly visit to the pictures and an occasional stroll, we seem fated to have little in common.

"We had the matter out in a friendly way some time ago, and he admitted that it was hard luck for me to be tied down so much, and he said he was quite willing that I should go about by myself, whilst he would be quite happy at home.

"Now, this is where the difficulty has arisen. At the various dances I have attended I have naturally met other young men—one in particular—and this has led to my husband being teased by his mates at the shop. There is, of course, nothing in all this except talk.

"But I can see that it has made him jealous and worried. Surely there is no harm in my wanting to dance—I don't see why I should give it up because of idle gossip."

ONE can appreciate this woman's argument. The days of youth are soon over. "Enjoy them while we can," says the old song. But let me remind her of one thing. Married life has its duties as well as its enjoyments. Her husband and her home have a claim upon her.

Unfortunately, she does not tell me how many evenings a week she leaves them. An occasional dance may be perfectly permissible. But if it has become almost a nightly habit she is acting very selfishly and most unfairly.

And if that "one man" she speaks about is occupying too much of her time, then she is heading straight for married disaster. She tells me that her husband is "jealous and worried" by her conduct. She would not allow that to matter for an hour longer if what she assures me is true—that she is still "deeply in love" with him. True love never willingly causes pain.

Now, no one wants to interfere with this girl's reasonable pleasures—least of all her husband. If she feels that dancing is essential to her happiness, then let her keep it within moderate bounds. When she goes to a dance she should ask her husband to go too, or at least suggest that he might come and take her home. In this way a stop can be put to gossiping tongues and, what is more important, it will prevent them from drifting apart through misunderstanding and jealousy.

My next correspondent writes to tell me that she seldom sees her husband. He seems to have two great interests in life—his work and his motor-car.

When he is not at work he is out on the road, both week nights and week-ends.

"Up to a year ago," she goes on, "I used to go with him everywhere. But all this continual chasing about brought on a severe illness, and the result was I had to have a bad operation. I was laid up for six months, and during that time my husband formed other companionships, and these people now seem to come first.

"In any case, I am never asked to go out with him now, and, whenever I have hinted that I would like an occasional run in the car, he always seems to find a good reason why I should not have one. We have no family; my relations live ninety miles away from here, and I do not make friends very easily. So you can appreciate what my life is like."

Now, on thinking over this problem, this is the first question that occurs to me. What is the cause of that man's complete change round? Once he was perfectly content for his wife to go with him everywhere. Now it is the reverse.

I wonder if my correspondent is just a little to blame. She tells me that her illness was caused by "chasing about" in the car. Has she told her husband that? And, what is worse, has she kept rubbing it in? If so, I can understand why he is not anxious for his wife's companionship. It is not pleasant for him to feel that his pleasure may be her pain.

IF my correspondent has a clear conscience on that score, then I think her husband is definitely not playing the game.

Some of my readers may say: "But why shouldn't she make other friendships like he obviously has done?" I can understand why she has not done so. It is less than a year since she had her serious operation. Anybody who has had that experience knows how the nervous system is affected. It takes some time to become completely strong and normal again. And it is not easy to form new friendships under those conditions. That makes this husband's conduct all the more blameworthy.

Could not my correspondent get her doctor to have a heart-to-heart talk with him? If it can be proved that continual motoring is harmful to her, then it should not be difficult for those two to take up some mutual hobby in which they can both find relaxation and enjoyment.

And there is another phase of modern life which has its roots in the same spirit of restlessness.

"I am in great trouble," writes this woman correspondent, "and in my difficulty I am writing to you. It concerns my husband, who is one of the best in the world, but who seems to have changed so greatly during the last year or two. We have a nice home and two bonnie children, and there was not a happier family living, as we were all content with one another's companionship.

"Now my husband is never satisfied unless he has lots of people around him, and the house is never our own. The worst part of it all is that he is so generous and will insist upon providing food, drinks and smokes for everybody who comes. I would not mind so much, but we can't afford it, and, for the first time in our married life, we are in debt.

"All this worry is making me really ill. And though I have repeatedly remonstrated with him, all he says is: 'Don't worry. It will be quite all right.'"

WHAT is wrong with this man is that he has developed a common nervous complaint. It affects people in various ways. Some have a fear of open spaces, others of crowded rooms, whilst there are those who can never look down from great heights. In this case it has led to an obsession for having a constant stream of people passing through the house.

"It is so different from what it used to be," my correspondent says. "Then he was satisfied with our own company." I think that is where the trouble may have started.

It is just like a lad who has had a rigorous upbringing. He kicks over the traces, and goes the pace as soon as he has obtained any degree of freedom.

This man used to have no visitors at all. Now he must have crowds. I know many who are like him. And I know others who have just as completely changed round again. This can be effected in two ways. As this man is obviously fond of company, he and his wife might join a literary or social or political club. Or the husband might be induced to take up some hobby, such as wireless or gardening.

One thing this wife must not do, and that is to try to break off all his friendships at once. In that event, he might seek them outside. And this would leave her in the position of my second correspondent. Surely, amongst that crowd who visit them there are some decent folk—those who do not always expect to be provided with "food, drinks and smokes." It is the spongers who should be given the cold shoulder. And it is up to this woman to do this.

My correspondent says that all this worry is making her ill. But she must pluck up her courage, otherwise matters will only get worse. And she need not grieve unduly. With tactful and sympathetic handling I am certain her husband will soon regain his balance.

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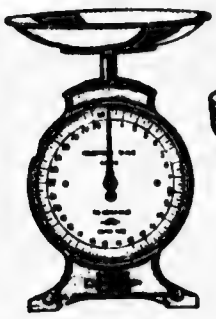

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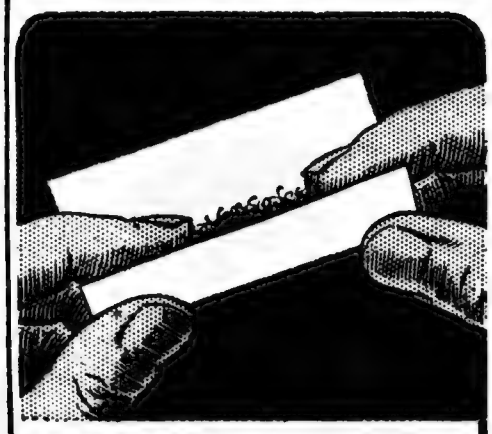

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The MIGHTY ATOM of WIRELESS

A peep into 1953 and a picture of three business men telling their wives why they'll be home late to-night by the aid of their pocket short-wave radio sets

BIG things are afoot behind the scenes in the world of wireless. Radio engineers have been hard at work on experimental apparatus for the last six months.

Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, spoke guardedly recently about a revolution in short-distance communication. And the Marchese Marconi is experimenting on the yacht *Elettra* with wireless waves as small, compared with waves used for broadcasting, as ripples in an inkpot are compared with heavy Atlantic rollers—yet these are the mighty atoms of radio.

The truth is that the Marchese has lately returned to experiments which he abandoned nearly thirty-eight years ago. In 1896 he showed the Post Office engineers that by using reflectors tiny wireless waves only a few inches in length—(waves used for broadcasting are measured in hundreds of yards)—could bear telegraph messages over a distance of several miles.

At the time, these experiments did not seem very promising, so Marconi tried longer and longer waves until he was actually using some that were over five miles in length.

But after the war he tried experiments with shorter waves, and the result of five years' work was the high-speed, short-wave "Beam," which startled the world and caused the collapse of the long-wave Imperial scheme.

Here is an unexplored territory in which the future marvels of wireless lie hidden. Ultra short-wave wireless is the Promised Land of future generations.

It is the domain of Television, of cheap and rapid communication between ships and islands and the mainland, of secret signals in war, of lightning messages between police headquarters and flying squads, and finally of private portable telephones for ordinary people.

Up to date, not very much is known about micro-waves, as they are called, but each fresh discovery proves more astonishing than the last.

Micro-waves seem a law unto themselves. Longer waves, when they strike the upper reaches of the atmosphere, bounce back from it and return to earth. In this way it is possible to send messages to Australia. But micro-waves go right through it and never return.

BECAUSE of this it was thought impossible to use them over more than about 120 miles. But last year Marconi discovered a way of making them follow the curvature of the earth.

Quite lately he announced that he had found a new technique which would probably lead to extremely important results.

Another thing about micro-waves is that they are quite unaffected by electrical disturbances, such as atmospherics.

Last year the Post Office was faced with the problem of connecting up its telephone system between Cardiff and Weston-super-Mare. The estuary of the Severn, of course, lies between. Either they could lay cables along the bed of the estuary, or they could run land lines along each bank for thirty miles or so upstream.

Then somebody thought of a third plan—to span the Severn with the new micro-waves. It was done, and the results were so startlingly successful that similar circuits will probably be installed in many other places in this country.

During the last month or two the inhabitants of many islands round our coasts have been petitioning their M.P.s to have micro-wave telephones installed by the Post Office.

Such sets cost only a few hundred pounds, including all extras such as power supply. They are absolutely automatic and use only about as much current as an ordinary electric light bulb.

So the first part of the revolution which the Postmaster-General mentioned will be the installation of micro-wave telephones on all our principal islands, such as the Isle of Wight, the Isle of Man, the Scillies, and perhaps islands off the west coast of Scotland.

Negotiations are also afoot between shipping and wireless companies to develop short-wave wireless telephony between land stations and ships at sea.

Most important of all, there will probably be within twelve months a short-wave telephone service across the Channel.

ONLY a few days ago the finishing touches were put to the laying of the new cable between St. Margaret's Bay, Kent, and Calais. By this cable calls can be put through to Paris in little more than a minute.

At the moment the bed of the Channel is literally a maze of submarine cables. Hardly a month passes without one of these cables being hauled up for repair. The cost of upkeep is enormous, and, of course, this has to be paid for out of telephone charges.

But a micro-wave link with the Continent would put matters on quite a different footing and probably reduce the cost of calls. Our Post Office experts are at this moment carrying out exhaustive tests and soon will approach the French with detailed proposals.

Ultra short waves scatter so little when they are transmitted that it is almost impossible to tap messages. This makes them extremely useful in warfare.

Already the War Office is making arrangements to use them instead of land lines, flag signalling, helios, and other means of communication. Transmitters will send short-wave messages to aircraft by a sighted apparatus not unlike a gun.

IT is also probable that Television programmes of an entirely different sort will be regularly broadcast in the very near future. For so far the chief obstacle in the way of developing Television has been the difficulty of finding room for it in the ether.

The ether is so crowded that Television has only been given a very narrow strip, and in this cramped space it can do very little.

But in the unexplored land of the short wave there is plenty of room, and Television has already staked its claim.

Short waves have already been used by the police to keep in touch with flying squads. But a far more sensational use is probably in store for ultra short waves. According to at least one radio expert, they will eventually be used for private "pocket" telephones!

Mr. Bernard Shaw in "Back to Methuselah" foreshadowed the time when everybody would carry a neat little apparatus in his pocket, and by tuning-in at once get in communication with his friends.

Micro-waves bring this fantasy well within the bounds of possibility. As far as we know, there is no limit to the shortness of wireless waves which can be used. In fact, there is elbow room for everybody in the ether.

Looking twenty years ahead, a man will probably be able to talk to his wife or sweetheart easily and secretly wherever he happens to be, and at any moment of the day, simply by taking a tiny apparatus out of his pocket

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same 'slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

THORNE GAZETTE:—"A best man travelled all the way from the BOLL Coast."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"The HEATING accommodation round the centre courts was fully nine-tenths occupied."

BUCKINGHAM ADVERTISER:—"He succeeded in tying up the BILL, which was afterwards slaughtered."

NORTH WILTS HERALD:—"Her shoes were of white satin, and she carried a bouquet of DRESSES of PINK BROCADE, with frills of MADONNA LILIES and MAIDENHAIR FERN."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"The major was blue in the CAPE."

WIGAN OBSERVER:—"About a hundred children were given an enjoyable TEAT."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"Death was brought about by the MARTIAL relations that existed between the husband and his wife."

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"Only three RUNS were bowled by Freeman."

HULL TIMES:—"None of the defendants had ever been convicted of a criminal DEFENCE."

WELLING AND DISTRICT JOURNAL:—"Some urns were found which contained the ashes of heathen Romans whose bodies had been CREATED and then buried."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"It is expected that —— will be BOUGHT up at West Bromwich this morning."

EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"The RICE is attributed to gold hoarding on the Continent."

"Oh-what a lovely polish!"

Polish your floors with "Mansion" and see what a pleasing brightness its mirror-like finish imparts to the home. So quick and easy to use, this concentrated wax polish enriches the colour and reveals all the beauty of grain in Stained or Parquet Floors. "Mansion" also gives a hard, bright finish that protects the surface and lengthens the life of Linoleum.

MANSION POLISH

In Tins 3d., 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-

FOR DARK WOODS USE

DARK MANSION

Chiswick Products, Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4.

2 HOUSEWIVES SHARE A WHITER WASH SECRET

JUST LOOK AT THIS CLOTH- I SOAKED IT WITH NEW RINSO – EVERY LITTLE BIT OF DIRT LOOSENED OUT, NO NEED FOR HARD RUBBING.
OH! SO YOU'VE DISCOVERED NEW RINSO TOO!
AREN'T THESE TOWELS THE LOVELIEST COLOUR? I ALWAYS USE NEW RINSO FOR BOILING, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE, WHITE THINGS ARE REALLY WHITE NOW.
WHAT A PRETTY DRESS,-IT LOOKS NEW – IS IT?
I'VE HAD IT AGES – WASHING IN NEW RINSO'S BUBBLY LATHER KEEPS IT THAT WAY – SUCH A SAVING OF CLOTHES AND MONEY.

"NOW I BOIL WITH IT TOO!"

"I've always been delighted with the way New Rinso *soaks* clothes clean — just *loosens* dirt. And I've always washed coloured things with it — its gentle lather brings them up so fresh — so *safely*. Now, since I've turned to it for boiling, my whites are whiter than I ever thought possible," says Mrs. K. HARBEN, 66 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10.

What Mrs. HARBEN says is what hundreds in your own town have found out. Just use New Rinso for boiling — your wash will be much *whiter* — stains and greyness all gone. No harmful chemicals in New Rinso — whitens by getting clothes *clean*. *Soaks* dirt loose. Makes lovely lather — safe for woollens, won't fade colours. *It's grand for washing dishes, too.* Get a packet today. All grocers and dealers sell New Rinso, 3½d., 6d., 10d. a packet.

NEW RINSO — best for boiling as well as for soaking and washing

R. S. HUDSON LTD., LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

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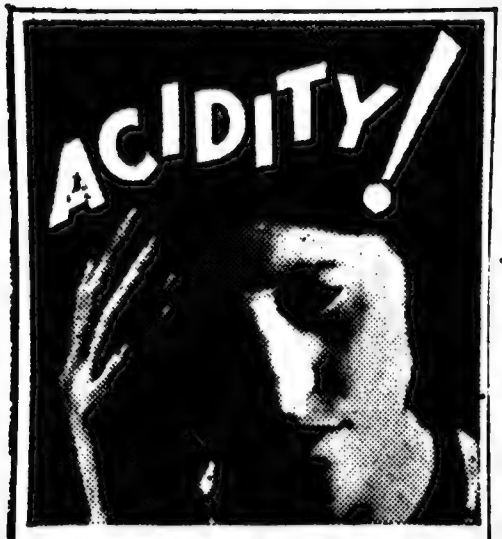

The cause of Indigestion Headaches, Insomnia, Biliousness, and much general ill-health.

Sick-headache, wretched indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, painful gastritis and stomach ulcers are nearly always due to stomach acidity. To get instant relief, do what doctors and nurses have recommended for over 20 years—take 'Bisurated' Magnesia—there is no quicker or more certain method of neutralising excess acid and so banishing pain and discomfort. 'Bisurated' Magnesia holds a remarkable record of success, bringing relief to thousands who had almost given up hope.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

Powder or Tablets, 1/3 of all chemists. Larger, more economical sizes, 2/6 and 3/-

HOW TO TREAT AUTUMN COLDS, COUGHS AND CATARRH.

As there seems to be a regular epidemic of coughs, colds and catarrh at the present time, the following valuable prescription will undoubtedly be welcomed by many. From your chemist get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), take this home and add to it half-pint of hot water and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will often bring instant relief from such distressing symptoms as clogged nostrils, catarrhal discharges, head noises, dullness, watering of the eyes, sneezing, sore throat, etc. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and seems to bring relief even to chronic sufferers. Every person who suffers from coughs, colds, or catarrh should give it a trial.

"BETTER BUY BOLENIUM Super-Overalls, MATE"—
with the Buckle that can't slip!

The new Bolenium Non-slip Buckle ensures perfect comfort under the most strenuous conditions. It is the latest refinement to Britain's Best Overalls, famous for their seams double sewn with 16 Boot Thread, extra strong dust and grease-proof material and buttons detachable for washing.

BIB & BRACE **6/6**

BOLENIUM

Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows

Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

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Village of Mended LIVES

". . . A village unlike anything you will see in any other part of Britain"

A MILE or so outside Maidstone, within easy reach of the main road, along which a ceaseless traffic passes through Kent to the coast, there is a village unlike anything you will see in any other part of Britain.

Instead of tumble-down cottages, ancient lean-to sheds, drab brickwork and dilapidated doors and windows, you will see bright red roofs, bricks that seem to call a cheery greeting, and a general air of prosperity and activity that is sure to rouse your interest.

And so it should, for behind the story of the birth of this village is the romance of what might well have been a Legion of the Lost.

When the Great War came to an end, many an ex-Serviceman who had suffered the tortures of rain-filled trenches, days and nights exposed to pitiless rain, sleet and snow—every vagary of the climate month in and month out—discovered that they seemed to have been left with a permanent cold on the chest.

Presently—and a trifle sceptically, too—they would take the advice of a wife, a mother, or a sister, and go to their doctor. The result of his examination left them feeling that an ice-cold hand had clutched at their heart.

FOR they had learned the dread tidings that they had joined the Legion of the Doomed—the legion of those suffering from the scourge of tuberculosis, doomed unless treatment could be obtained.

Most of them were without means other than the money they earned by their work. Yet the doctor made it imperative by his advice that they should give up their job and go into a sanatorium—if there was to be a hope of life.

Was it any wonder that these men were plunged into the depths of despair—that they felt that they could not face the unequal battle of life after Fate had dealt them so vicious and bitter a blow?

What were they to do? To whom could they turn for assistance? It was true that the Ministry of Pensions existed for giving treatment, but what of their wives and families?

Even if they could exist, it was dreadful to think of going into a sanatorium and leaving them behind; to be able to see them at most once a week

That is where the Village of Good Dreams Come True solved the problem.

Once on a time, the late Lord Brassey owned Preston Hall, Aylesford, near Maidstone. Some time after his death it was purchased as a result of a ballot conducted for the benefit of war-weary ex-Servicemen, and in 1919 the Colony was actually instituted.

Hundreds of ex-Servicemen passed through it to health, and then, in April, 1925, the Colony was handed over to the British Legion.

Since then it has made enormous strides. There is a population, including the staff, in the neighbourhood of a thousand, and there the men who had feared that life held nothing more for them have been restored to health and vigorous interest.

The village has its own school, its own library, hospital, club and workshops. Men who are selected for permanent residence are provided with delightful little homes for themselves and their wives and families, and there are some 150 of these residents.

The single men live in a special hostel, where they have every possible comfort, and it is a significant fact that out of a total of more than 200 children under sixteen years of age—the offspring of men suffering from the effects of war-weary lungs—there is not one single case of a pulmonary complaint.

THE village extends to about 350 acres, and what is particularly pleasing to the whole community is that each year has shown an increase in the volume of the goods made there and the sales effected.

It was recognised that to plant the ailing ex-Serviceman in the country—in all probability he had lived in a town all his life—would retard rather than help his recovery, despite the lovely air and the surroundings.

So every man there has the choice of turning his hand to a variety of occupations—from all of which he can make a living and so be independent and bring up his family as he would if in an ordinary occupation.

Pig-breeding, chicken-rearing, horticulture, agriculture, the making of farm furniture, printing, the manufacture of fibre and leather goods, general estate work and office administration are all taught, and as soon as a man becomes efficient he can earn his keep without difficulty in ideal surroundings.

In the printing shop at Preston Hall

Some idea of the amount of work turned out at the village can be gained from the fact that in one year sales reached over £180,000, and the wages paid out to the men in the village totalled no less than £55,600—a wonderful tribute to the organisation and industry of the residents.

There is also a thrift club for members only, and more than £1,000 has been shared out at the end of a year—proving that the men have a good chance of saving from the wages they earn while they are being restored to health.

When it is remembered that in 1919—less than a year after the end of the war—there were 35,000 ex-Servicemen suffering from tuberculosis, it can be realised what a boon this village has been.

No effort is made to suggest to the men that they are "patients": they lead a normal working life, just as they would if they were living in a town or another village. The only difference is that their health is watched by a first-rate staff, with qualified medical men at hand.

Preston Hall Village, indeed, can set an example to many another community of its own size—and of greater importance, too. Its sanitation, its roads, and its general amenities are such that they are the envy of every visitor.

The social life of the village, too, is not neglected. When the long winter evenings come, there are amateur theatricals and debates in the well-planned club—and the wives as well as their husbands take a full part in them.

DURING the summer there are bowling-greens and tennis-courts and cricket pitches to occupy the time of the men and their families; and many of them, of course, cultivate their own gardens.

To pay a visit to Preston Hall after being at all familiar with the barrack-like, formal, generally grey-looking sanatorium for the treatment of consumption is to be amazed by what can be done by organisation—and a determination not to give in.

Instead of that hopeless, utterly bored expression so often to be met with on the faces of patients in a public sanatorium, Preston Hall's residents greet you with a smile. They always look as though they have plenty to occupy their time, as though life is full of interest.

An extension of the Village Settlement idea has, it is known, occupied the attention of successive Ministers of Health, which have been amazed by the wonderful tonic effect they have had on the cases of even those given up as "hopeless."

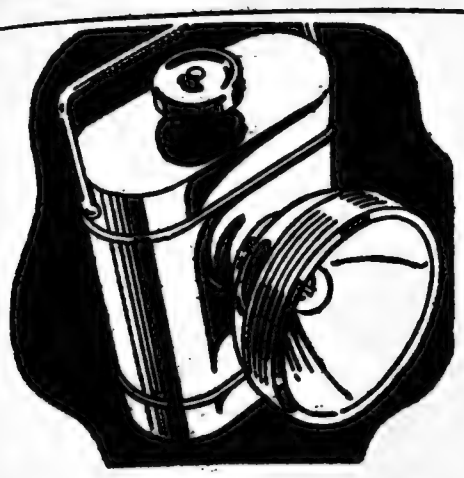
But lack of money to devote to such schemes has been largely responsible for the fact that no more of these villages have been built. But that the Government has viewed them with the greatest satisfaction is borne out by the fact that a sum of no less than £10,000 was given to Preston Hall and a similar sum to another settlement run on similar lines at Papworth.

BOTH the Duke and Duchess of York, who paid lengthy visits to the village, were delighted with all that they saw, and expressed their admiration for the manner in which the various activities were conducted.

One of the Duke's most prized possessions is a walking-stick made specially for him by ex-Servicemen at Preston Hall, from wood taken from the roof of Westminster Hall, which dates from the days of Richard II.

Life and hope have been given to hundreds who feared that their working days were numbered. Is it any wonder that every window winks a welcome as you pass, or that the very eaves of the houses appear to be whispering the glad tidings one to the other?

"All Hope Abandon Ye Who Enter Here"—most of us remember that despairing motto. Preston Hall has a better: "All *Moping* Abandon Ye Who Enter Here"—and it takes the greatest delight in living up to this slogan!



An All-white

EVER READY LAMP

for your all-white bike

Always up to the minute—trust Ever Ready! The very latest cycle lamp of all is an Ever Ready—the all-white beauty, to match your all-white bike. As you know, you cannot equal the brilliance of the Ever Ready Electric Lamp; even motor headlights fail to shout its power down. All you have to do is to twist a screw, and the road before you is as plain as a pikestaff. No mess, no matches, no smell, no explosions, if Ever Ready is on your handlebars. And the cost is only ¼d. per hour of actual light when an Ever Ready Battery—famous for over 30 years—is powering your lamp. Get your lamp now, ready for the Winter; all white, all black, chromium plated, or coloured cellulose, as you please.

EVER READY CYCLE LAMPS

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ALL WHITE — ALL BLACK **2/6** CHROMIUM PLATE (*Brass body*) **5/-**

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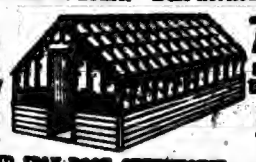
YOU SAVE MONEY AND GET BEST SERVICE WHEN YOU BUY FROM BATH'S.

BATH'S ALL SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

GREENHOUSES Supplied in 6 complete sections, together with staging for plants and ridgeboard. Each section is a complete whole—you simply screw sides, ends and roof together. Lower part of sides and ends covered with ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboard. Very strongly made with 2 in. timbers, the main framing forming 3 in. x 2 in. when erected. Door, ventilators, and sash bars fitted at works. All sash bars properly rabbeted for glass. Roof sections are constructed with lower rail correctly made to carry off rain water. Ridgeboard for top with weather capping. Door hung on strong hinges complete with necessary fittings. Ventilators according to size, with iron casement stay for opening. Staging for plants, complete with necessary legs and bearers, provided for both sides of house. Best horticultural glass supplied throughout and sufficient paint for one coat.

5/- Secure Delivery CASH PRICE 55/-



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5/- deposit with order and 12 Mthly. to Cash mthly.

Lth.	Wth.	ridge	eaves	Cr.Pd.	pyts
7ft.	5ft.	7 ft.	4ft.	£2 15 0	4/6
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	4ft.	£3 15 0	6/6
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	4½ft.	£4 17 6	8/6
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	5 ft.	£5 10 0	11/6
15ft.	9ft.	8 ft.	5 ft.	£7 10 0	14/0

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7/6 deposit with order and 12 Mthly. to Cash mthly.

Lth.	Wth.	ridge	eaves	Cr.Pd.	pyts
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	4ft.	£3 15 0	6/6
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	4ft.	£4 15 0	8/0
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	4½ft.	£5 17 6	10/0
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£6	14/0
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£9 15 0	17/0

10/- Secure Delivery CASH PRICE 95/-

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10/- deposit with order and 12 Mthly. to Cash mthly.

Lth.	Wth.	ridge	eaves	Cr.Pd.	pyts
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	4ft.	£4 15 0	8/0
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	4ft.	£5 17 6	10/0
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	4½ft.	£7 2 6	12/6
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£9 10 0	16/6
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£11 17 6	21/0

NOTE OUR SIZES:—LENGTH, WIDTH & HEIGHT. For other designs see List.

STRAND MOTOR HOUSES Made in six complete sections, constructed on strong framework and covered with well-seasoned ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weather-boards. Double doors in one end, hung on strong hinges, complete with lock and key. Nuts and bolts supplied. Roof supplied in complete sections, covered with ¾ in. rebated boards and bitumen roofing felt, making all thoroughly weather proof. Window with sliding shutter at side giving ample light with glass complete.

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9ft.	6ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£3 15 0	6/6	18/6
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£4 5 0	8/6	£1 5 0
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£5 0 0	10/6	£1 10 0
14ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£6 0 0	12/6	£1 15 0
15ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£7 0 0	14/0	£2 0 0

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MARVEL HUTS Suitable for Tool Sheds, Potting Sheds, Cycle Houses and numerous other purposes. Can be adapted for small Pavilion, Dressing Room, or Canteen for Sports Clubs. Substantially constructed, the four sides and roof in complete sections ready to screw together. Strongly framed and covered with ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboards. Door on strong hinges, with necessary fittings, window complete with glass. Roof covered with ½ in. rebated boards and bitumen roofing.

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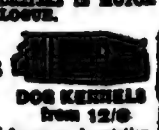
No. 104A.	ft. Wt.	ft. Ht.	or £ 12 Deposit mthly. Cash with pay-ments	Floor Extra
6	4	7	£1 15 0	5/0	8/6	8/6
7	5	7	£2 10 0	5/0	4/0	10/6
9	6	7	£3 5 0	5/0	5/0	15/0
10	7	7	£3 15 0	5/0	6/6	£1/5/0
12	8	7	£5 0 0	5/0	9/0	£1/10/0
15	9	8	£6 15 0	5/0	12/0	£2/10/0

For other Designs see List.

FREE DELIVERY by Lorry or Rail.

COAL BUNKERS from 10/6



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MOTHER you watched him clean his teeth... but *is his* MOUTH *safe?*

Not all "cleaned" teeth are thereby made safe from decay. A coarse or too hard polishing ingredient in the tooth cleanser scratches and pits the enamel; an inefficient cleanser leaves hard-fixed food deposits clinging to the tooth surfaces or in the mouth—affording cosy little nesting-places for harmful bacteria—*unsafe* mouth.

Why take chances when there is one way to be *certain* that you are doing the right thing for your children's teeth: let them always use Gibbs—the dentifrice that ensures SAFE MOUTH.

Clever, experienced, Gibbs Chemists see to it that the polishing agent of Gibbs Dentifrice is of the exact degree of fineness and firmness to remove all stains from the enamel without risk of scratch or wear; the fragrant antiseptic foam washes away everything that might harm the teeth or membranes of the mouth — toning up gums, sweetening the breath —SAFE MOUTH through Gibbs.

Don't be betrayed by a false sense of security. Buy Gibbs Dentifrice for each member of your family today.

Now Gibbs comes in the most popular forms

FREE! Large Sample Tin of FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA

Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 29 and PIN (do not stick) a 1½d. stamp, and address to Dept. 8A, Messrs. J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol. A Free Gift Booklet will also come by return

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SOMEBODY is going to WIN £50!

Why not YOU? Both men and women can each win this handsome cheque. No entrance Fee. Nothing to buy.

TURN TO PAGE 27!

INTERNAL TROUBLES

Mrs. HOPTON, 277, Abbey Street Derby writes: "Seventeen months ago I was very ill, vomiting for 3 weeks and never stopped. I got no sleep for terrible pains. I was in Hospital a fortnight. They X-rayed me and found I had Gall Stones. My husband got me Vitadatio, and I found I was getting stronger and the pain easier, and now I feel a new woman."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles, containing 5 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET OF TESTIMONIALS

A MEDICINE THAT COPIES NATURE.

Vegetable Pill with 10 Ingredients.

Medical science has produced a grand remedy which gives remarkable results through copying Nature's own methods. With the aid of ten vegetable extracts in stead of the two or three usually found in ordinary pills, this remedy, Bile Beans, can secure just the kind of action which is wanted in the particular part of your system which is out of order. Each organ in turn—the stomach, liver, gall-bladder, kidneys, and bowels—receives exactly the help it needs. Being so wonderfully selective and free from any mineral drugs, Bile Beans give the nearest approach to Nature yet devised.

Among the ingredients in Bile Beans is a scientific blending of six different vegetable laxatives for the purpose of ensuring a smooth, natural action on the small as well as the large bowel. An anti-griping extract, a liver stimulant, and two carminatives to soothe and help the stomach, complete what doctors describe as an excellently-balanced formula.

Bile Beans are the safest and best medicine for regular family use. Take Bile Beans at bedtime to escape headaches and indigestion, to enjoy your food, sleep well, have no more constipation, and get a new zest in life. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FOR FREE SAMPLE BOX

send a postcard (1d. stamp) to Bile Beans, Leeds Mention "John Bull," October 7, 1933.

YOUR CHILD'S CAREER IS IN YOUR HANDS.

Have you considered the important matter of your boy or girl's future? It is an anxious problem for many parents in view of prevailing conditions, yet it has a satisfactory solution in specialised training.

Clark's College, the leading business training centre, has a record of proved successes. Let their experts relieve your mind of all worry regarding your child's future by first of all determining his or her suitability for Business, the Civil Service or the Professions, and then providing a well-paid post when proficiency is attained.

Write to the Principal, Mr. Ernest G. V. Clark, at the address below. The helpful advice you will receive is free and non-obligatory, and is of vital importance to your child's future prosperity.

Personal Tuition or Postal Courses.

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EGGS by the dozen!

They fetch a good price just now. Give your hens Mustard in their mash and they will lay more.

Colman's Poultry Mustard

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Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J.17.), Norwich.

GUILTY—of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

An inspector gathers evidence from informants

by

George Wakeford

Chief Superintendent of the R.S.P.C.A., who, in this interview, tells of the ceaseless vigil that goes on to punish those guilty of crimes against animals

THE work undertaken by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now on such a big scale that by far the greatest number of prosecutions for crimes against animals originate with us.

How do we track down offenders?

Well, in a very modest way, not unlike Scotland Yard when dealing with more serious crimes of cruelty.

We have what you might call a "Special Investigation Department," of trained men always ready at headquarters waiting to be called out to help on any unusual or difficult case.

In order to get conclusive evidence it is sometimes necessary that an inspector who is not known in the district should be used. Then we send a man down from London

Very often we send plain-clothes men out from headquarters on cases which require exceptionally delicate investigation. Our staff of inspectors here, which varies between twelve and twenty, is kept exclusively for this purpose.

They are men who have been specially picked from the corps of 234 inspectors who are working throughout England and Wales.

They have been chosen for their knowledge of the laws relating to cruelty to animals; for their knowledge of veterinary surgery; and for their "tact" when dealing with offenders. In all these thing "probationers" are carefully trained at headquarters before they are made inspectors at all.

The very first prosecution I secured I remember very well. I was a probationer at the time, just starting, and it was in January, 1896

I was walking along Tottenham Court Road in London with another probationer when I saw a horse in a very bad condition, drawing a heavy load of stone.

It was weak and emaciated, had a sore back, and was lame. I stopped the driver, explained who I was, examined the animal, and told him to take the horse back to its stable.

Man who remembered

At the stable I interviewed the owner, got a policeman, and sent for a veterinary surgeon. The vet. diagnosed the trouble as being what I had already said it was

I remember I was very glad about that, because one of the points the R.S.P.C.A made, even in those days, was that the inspectors should be able to *state accurately what was wrong with an animal* before the vet. saw it.

The next day both the owner and the driver were brought before the magistrate. They were fined and the horse was ordered to be destroyed.

Soon afterwards I was stationed as an inspector in the East End of London. Our job was so rough in those days that we were always sent out two together on a beat. Yet my own experience of the East End Londoner has been that he is generally very fair and does not bear malice—which reminds me of the sequel to a case I had when I was stationed at Tottenham. . . .

In a field being used by builders one day I found a horse with a very bad lame leg. I immediately got one or two witnesses, including a policeman.

Next I got a veterinary surgeon to examine the animal and dress the wound.

After a good deal of rather troublesome enquiries I found the owner.

He was fined £5 (the maximum in those days—now it is £25), and the horse was destroyed.

More than twenty years after, this same man came into our office, and I had to interview him. When we had finished our talk I said to him:

"It's strange, you know, but haven't I seen you before?"

"Yes," he admitted, "at Tottenham. But I paid for it that time."

"I know you did," I said. And we shook hands.

Sometimes the cases of cruelty that come to our notice are due to sheer stupidity.

One market day at Lowestoft I came upon a litter of young pigs which had been badly nose-ringed. Now it is quite permissible to nose-ring a pig, and, if it is done properly, no harm results.

But these had been done with ordinary copper wire, and a long spike had been left sticking out, so that every time the animals went to eat or drink the end dug into their snouts. When I saw them the flesh had been lacerated and had become infected.

I got hold of the owner, took the particulars, and he was subsequently fined. But, while the little pigs were still in the market, waiting to be sold, I had got a man to nose-ring them properly.

My proceedings against the owner had nothing to do with the selling of them in the market; they were sold that day. But here's an interesting point:

In a week their little noses were all healed up, and they had put on so much weight that the man who bought them was able to sell them for *twice the money he had given for them.*

The lurcher's death

Another case I had at Lowestoft has always seemed strange to me. Riding home on my bicycle one day, a big dog, a lurcher, suddenly ran out at me and tried to bite me.

I dismounted, and asked one or two people whose dog it was, but they didn't seem to know. They told me, however, it was not the first time the animal had attacked people.

When it looked as though I could do nothing more that day, I rode home.

Very soon afterwards I heard that the police summoned the owner for having a dangerous dog, and he was ordered to destroy it. I had just arrived home one evening about five o'clock, two or three days after the police court proceedings, when people rushed in and asked me to come along quickly.

They took me to a baker's premises, and there, in the back yard, was the same lurcher, dying, and in a pitiable state. The man had tried to kill it with an axe, a lump of wood, and various other things, and the poor animal was terribly battered. It took fifty-five minutes for it to die.

Of course, I had to take up the case.

"But why didn't you send for me to kill it," I asked the man, "instead of doing a silly thing like that? Or why didn't you go to the police, or get a veterinary surgeon, or something?"

"Well, I did go to the chemist," was the reply, "but he wouldn't give me any poison unless I signed a book, and if I took the dog to him to destroy, he wanted a shilling."

"But you couldn't expect to have a dog destroyed for much less than a shilling," I argued.

"Oh, well," he demurred, "I thought the chemist might have given me threepennyworth of poison, and I could have done it myself."

That man got three months, and in the prison afterwards they found he had fifty sovereigns in his pockets!

Sometimes one has to be patient and exercise ingenuity in order to collect necessary evidence.

"I slipped in"

We had great difficulty, I remember, once over a man in South-East London. We knew he was treating horses badly, but we needed proof.

The only way to get the proof we wanted was to get into the stables, and that wasn't so easy.

You could only get to them through the yard, and that was closely guarded by a huge St. Bernard dog, which, when strangers appeared, gave tongue and brought his master out.

Finally, I went down and just hung about outside until I saw the dog go out, and then I slipped in.

It took me about three minutes to get my evidence. I had a couple of policemen just outside, whom I hastily summoned, and then I sent for the vet. When the owner turned up a little later he found us all there.

The horses were in a very bad condition, and we discovered that they did not even belong to him. He had hired them and the poor owner had not been paid, and had lost some of his horses that had to be destroyed.

Cock-fighting is the offence which we find most difficult to prove. We know it still goes on. We know some of the men who promote it.

But, until we have absolute proof in our hands, we can do nothing, and, like Scotland Yard over their most difficult secrets, cock-fighting is the one thing about which we cannot give away any secrets.

The general public can, and does, help us a great deal by telling us where these cases are to be found, and, of course, we *always treat their communications with the greatest confidence.*

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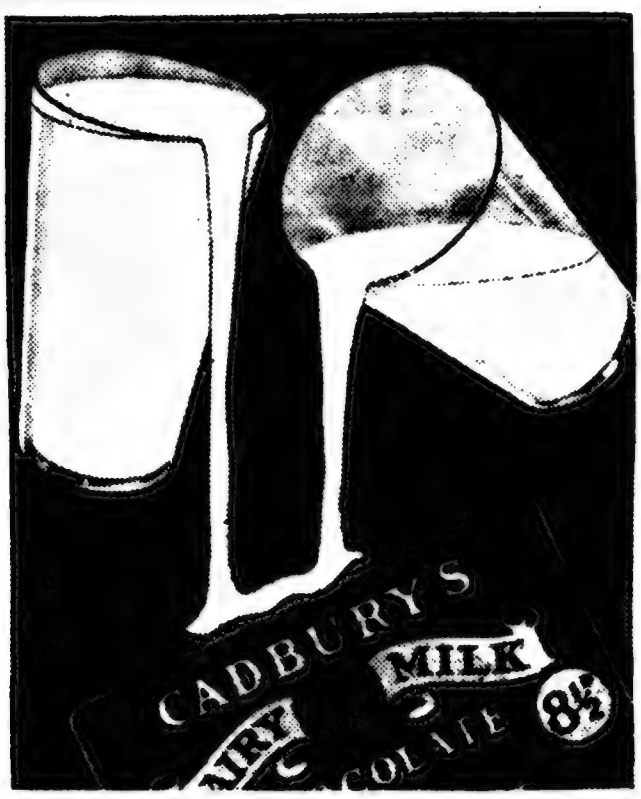

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M.P.s are BETTER CHRISTIANS To-day

On the side of the angels —Disraeli

Religiously Cromwellian Stanley Baldwin and High Churchman George Lansbury

He professed disturbing doubts: Bradlaugh— —and John Morley spelt God with a small "g"

by Commander Locker-Lampson, M.P.

THERE seldom was a time when people were more fed up with conventional religion or when the human heart so longed for leadership and light. Yet true reverence for the Unknown and real homage of Right is stronger to-day than probably ever before in the world's history.

We may not sit in pews nor bob to altars, or curtsey to the clergyman's wife, as was once our wont. But to-day we would not drown a widow just for being old, or flog sailors to death for desertion, or torture cats, as boys might within the memory of man.

Our actions are higher, although our standards seem lower. The need for church-going, or, at any rate, for preaching, seems less in this age, when essential commandments are more than ever respected and kept.

Usually it is among peasants and fishermen that crusades begin and that devotion last dies. But, oddly, it is among the "nobs" that faith burns so strong of late; and not among those sections of them who lack character and intellect, but, on the contrary, among the aristocrats of brain and knowledge and power.

Scientists to-day, like Newton of old, grope for God and divine Him in the final cause of things. And statesmen follow the lead of the Hebrew dreamer, Disraeli, who faced in his day the facts of evolution and the taunts of the ungodly with unerring flair

"We are told by one school of thought," said he to his audience, "that man is a little higher than the tadpole, and by another school of thought that man is a little lower than the angels. Ladies and gentlemen, I am on the side of the angels."

Fashionable doubt

This was uttered at a moment when the highbrow thought it fashionable to be faithless, and when public men openly derided God and religion.

The eighteenth century saw an orgy of infidelity amongst statesmen, and thirty years ago politicians were just as unhallowed. Mr Bradlaugh professed disturbing doubts and set all England by the ears in the business about the oath in the House of Commons. Labouchere was a byword of mocking indifference.

Even John Morley, the inspirer of the Liberal Party and the biographer of that great Churchman, Mr. Gladstone—even he openly flouted marriage and repudiated its sanction. He refused to be married to the lady who later became his wife, as a protest against Church tyranny; and he held so poor an opinion of the Almighty that he spelt God with a small "g" in his book on "Compromise." There was not much compromise about him!

How petty and how out of date this sounds. It is not "intellectual" to doubt to-day. Bad faith is no longer good form.

For the strange fact is this, that, despite the much-increased complication of the outside life which we lead, our inner lives are saner and simpler. Science has only deepened the mystery, and postponed her explanation, but the old symbols remain. Yes—and to these symbols men cling, even men of the world, with uncanny instinct and attachment.

So I find the House of Commons and its Ministers creatures of a clearer faith to-day than when I first entered the House.

Less pretence

It is true that more M.P.s then crowded it from 2.45 to 2.50, the five minutes' respite for prayers; but, alas! I found that punctual attendance at these devotions served a practical rather than a spiritual purpose

M.P.s were present at prayers in order to be able to insert a small card into a holder on the bench, and so to secure a seat for that day's debate.

To-day fewer attend prayers, for men are both busier and more honest. There is less occasion for parade and pretence. Yet the level of credence in all sections of the House and among Parties is higher.

In most countries the Socialist Party is the Party of destruction in faith and morals. How untrue such a charge would be of our official Labour Party.

Whereas Catholics on the Continent can hardly become Socialists and at the same time remain good Catholics, over here the best Catholics, such as Mr. Jack Jones and Mr. McGovern, are active and sincere Socialists

Mr. Henderson, the Labour Leader, is a Nonconformist of endearing naturalness, who keeps every element of his early creed and who attends chapel, an active striver and exhorter.

Mr. Lansbury is just as marked an example He belongs to the Church of England and is a High Churchman; and not merely has he acted for years as a sidesman and churchwarden, but he is to be found (whatever the wear and tear of the week's work) a dutiful attendant at the early service each Sunday

Mr. Lloyd George is a regular worshipper Shall I ever forget forcing my way through admiring crowds in Switzerland to take him to a conventicle near Vevey, or forget his power, not merely of recalling each sermon at luncheon later, but of improving upon them—out of all recognition?

The fervour and trust of eminent men now in office are no less astounding; astounding not to me or to you, but to the average foreigner, who cannot believe that we believe

Mr Baldwin is no less truly a follower of his lights, and often he will march off, with only his pipe for company, to a country church where he is unknown and unrecognised, to meet Christian needs which are almost Cromwellian in their rugged directness.

The true spirit

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is known to have been all his life a kind of Calvinistic crusader, and likes to steal away over the misty moors upon the Sabbath to share the devotions of the sheepdogs and plaided Highlanders in a distant mountain kirk He is primitive in his sense of and wish for communion with the All Highest.

Whilst Sir Thomas Inskip, as "Jix's" successor in the rôle of Parliamentary defender of the Protestant faith in its integrity, devotes his holidays often to work among youth, labouring unceasingly to improve the soul's lot.

Indeed, I cannot think of an existing Cabinet Minister to whom his religion is not a workaday solace, and who does not, upon the one allotted division of the week, draw a store of extra succour from the wells of worship. . . A revival of the true spirit which may revolutionise conscience and conduct.

All this may seem crazy and crude to outsiders. I like to think, however, that it is English and wholesome and that somewhere there *is* Someone Who approves.

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YOUNG F. C.'s father receives a disability pension of 4s. 8d. a week for gun-shot wound in his leg, which has left him with varicose veins, and obliges him to keep under the hospital, as his leg requires dressing and bandaging.

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Until the "talkies" and gramophones became popular, he earned a fair living playing in bands, and when these jobs failed, he still earned sufficient to keep his home going by playing a euphonium in the streets.

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F. C.'s mother is unable to work, as she suffers badly from ulcerated legs.

"I could buy a good second-hand instrument for eight pounds," said F. C.'s dad, his face lighting up at the prospect of again fingering a musical instrument, "and I could then keep going."

Besides being wounded in the war, F. C.'s dad contracted dysentery and rheumatism and suffered partial starvation in the Dardanelles.

He goes singing through the streets in dilapidated boots which, like his instrument, are beyond repair. And he still suffers from semi-starvation, often having to make a breakfast of "bread and marg" to last him throughout the day. He has had to sell furniture from time to time to meet his rent, and the possessions that he pawned he has never been able to redeem.

* * *

Donations earmarked "F. C." to help this family, as well as subscriptions to the Fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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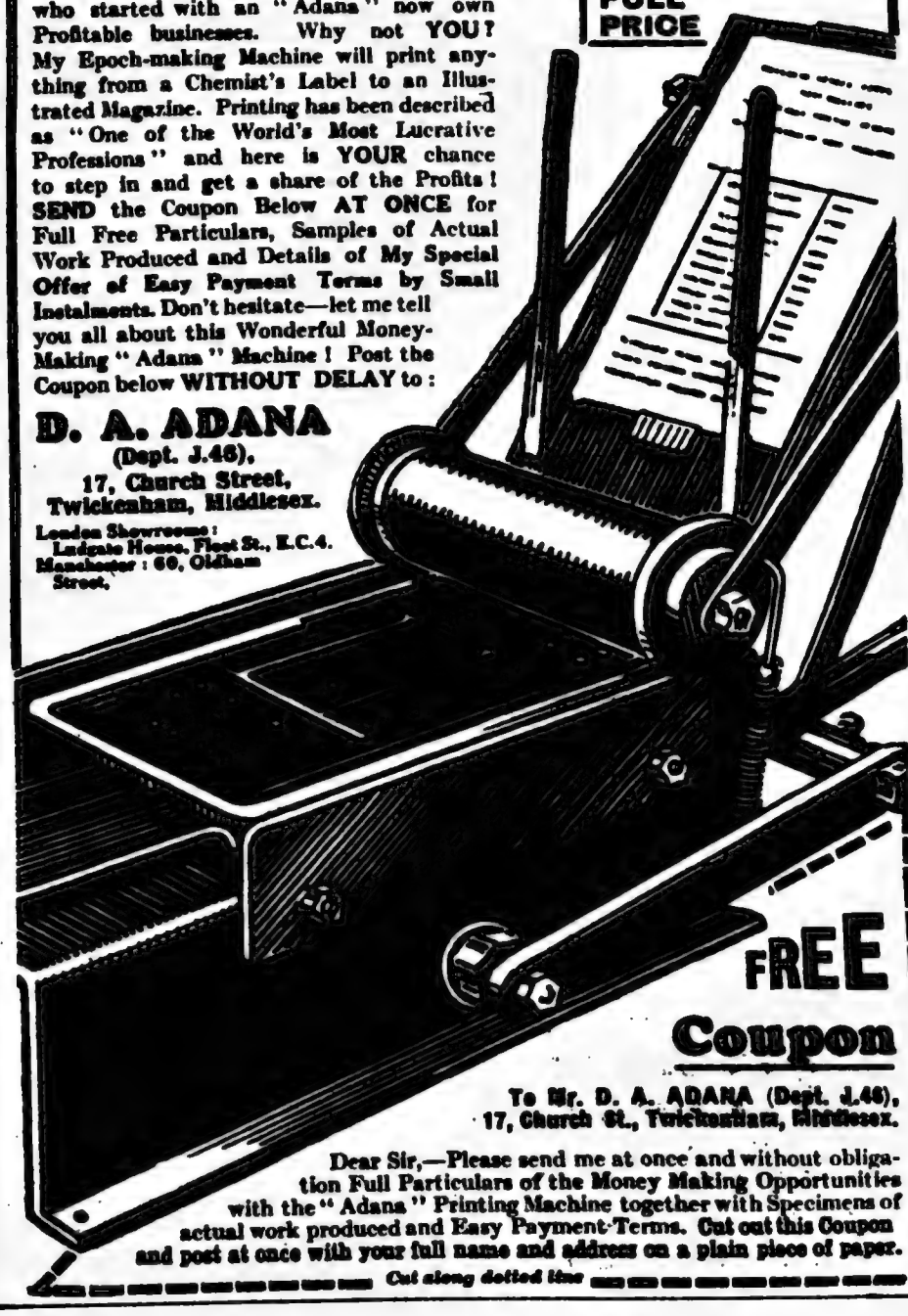

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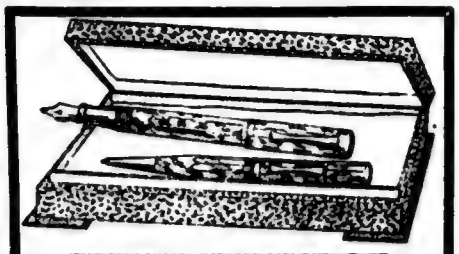

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SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

Our Letter Parliament

I WAS awestruck and shivering with fright. It was the first time I had seen the inside of an assize court, though I was in my late teens. The sight of the judge and counsel, and everything in the court, was erased from my mind the moment defending counsel asked me the first question.

I have not the slightest idea how long I was in the witness-box; nor can I remember a word I said. And I did not know how the defendant had fared until I saw the evening paper!—*J. S., Hulme.*

Nocturnal Loquacity

Incensed by the attack of a speaker in a Midland market-place on beliefs I held, I did my best to rebut his arguments, but his wit and bitter scorn were too much for me.

I retired at midnight, and knew no more until friends called for me next morning at the police station. A constable had found me addressing an imaginary audience from the same plinth as the speaker of the night before. Being unable to give account of myself, he had taken me into custody.

I was fully dressed, had walked a mile, yet have no recollection of my nocturnal escapade.—*R. W., Notts.*

A Mother's Shock

The war was over, my three sons had been "knocked about a bit" (their own words, in their letters from hospital), but they were alive. When I saw them my heart leapt convulsively—and died.

One was minus a leg and an eye, one was wholly blind, and the third had been rendered a complete wreck, from gas and shell-shock.

For a week I was an organism. I could not think or speak. My mind went blank. Then gradually my faculties returned. Sometimes I wish they never had.—*Mrs. Smith, Sussex.*

Lucky Shoes

During the recent thunderstorms I was sitting in the drawing-room, when suddenly I was blinded by a flash of lightning, and deafened by a terrific clap of thunder. My father was upstairs, and my sister ran up to see him. She raced down again, shouting, "Daddy was struck!"

My mind became a blank! As I regained consciousness I heard her add, "He was turning on the wireless, when a current ran through his arm, but his rubber-soled shoes saved him!"—*Miss E. Ainsworth, Anerley.*

In Regions Below

There were twelve of us in the cage, ready with lamps for our work in the mine. The gates were shut and we began our descent to underground. We had passed daylight, and were in the darkness of the shaft, when the cage stuck.

No one spoke, but we could plainly hear the sound of rope dropping on to the cage top—rope which held the cage and us. If we dropped now? And with all that rope to pay out. . . .

Dimly I heard voices as men strove to move the cage. Minutes passed; then the cage was loosed. It dropped like a stone. Never shall I forget that instant, for in it I saw the faces of my loved ones and I thought of God. Then my mind became blank for one brief moment of time and, with a thud and a horrible violent movement, the cage stood still. The rope had held!—*Miner, Wakefield.*

When My MIND became a BLANK

"It came roaring towards me."

Cloudiness in the Clouds

When, as airman in the R.A.F. on my first solo flight, I struck an "air-pocket," my mind became so blank that I cannot recollect that drop even now.

I only know that my 'bus was behaving splendidly, when suddenly it banked and dropped like a stone for no apparent reason. The next thing I remember was grabbing my "stick" as the earth rushed to meet me, and clearing some house-tops with a few yards to spare before soaring swiftly upwards again into the clouds.—*J. Turvey, Birmingham.*

The Wedding

One year ago to-day I was made a bride!

The solemn voice of the minister seemed miles away, as he blessed the wedding-ring, and when the plain circlet of gold was placed on my finger, my mind was a complete blank. I barely saw my happy young husband, and even his kiss failed to awaken my thoughts.

I was conscious of friends buzzing round me, clasping my hands warmly and wishing us luck, but the wedding breakfast was nearly over ere I was capable of thought!—*Bridie, Greenock.*

A Brother's Trial

When my young brother was convicted of manslaughter, I felt that the bottom had fallen out of the world.

For three days I did not know what I did nor where I went. My mind was a complete blank. Then I received tidings that further evidence had arrived which exonerated my brother.

Things resumed their normal course. I wept with relief. But I have never forgotten the shock I had had—terrible, albeit merciful enough, when temporarily numbing my mind like a drug.—*L. J., Portslade.*

Terrifying Train

Returning home late, I decided to use the level-crossing as a short cut to my house. The gate was closed, but, opening it without difficulty, I passed through. I had gone half-way across the metals when a train came roaring towards me.

My mind became an absolute blank; I was too terrified to decide whether to turn back or go forward. Then—the train stopped, and I heard a cheery voice say "Good-night, mate." It was my neighbour, a railway fireman. My mind cleared, and I ran towards him, telling him of my narrow escape.—*J. M. Wills, Cardiff.*

Good Old Harry!

When a member of the Division Concert Party in France, I used always to sing Sir Harry Lauder's songs. One night at Bethune the C.O. said, "Let it go to-night, Heath—distinguished audience."

Now, part of my "patter" consisted of the line, "As I said to my pupil young Lauder. . . ." I had got that far when my eyes encountered the twinkling optics of a gentleman in "civvies" sitting next to the General. It was Sir Harry Lauder himself! Then it was my mind became a blank—I "dried up"!—*B. Heath, Brighton.*

* * *

I took a flying leap and headed—not the ball, but the goalkeeper's cranium!—*M. H., Edgware.*

When I saw I had thrown, not an empty cigarette packet, but a pound note into the fire.—*Miner's Wife, Glam.*

When I thought I recognised a jovial acquaintance just ahead of me in the street, gave him a hearty slap on the back, and was rewarded with a "right to the jaw" from a pugilistic stranger!—*"Kipper," Portchester.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, October 10.

The Best Lesson I've Learned

TABLOID SPORT *by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert*

GUISCARD

I SHALL not have another opportunity of referring to the Cesarewitch, and I hope that my followers have had their flutters on Guiscard, Loosestrife and Roi de Paris.

I did not imagine when putting up this trio a few weeks ago that Guiscard and Loosestrife would become such red-hot orders in the market.

Lord Derby has won a fair share of big races, but the Cesarewitch has eluded him so far.

Despite the 10 lb. penalty Loosestrife picked up by winning the Newbury Autumn Cup, I think Miss Wilmot's stayer will go very close, but Guiscard ought to beat him.

Alexandra Park this week-end. I like the look of Rosemary's Pet for the London Sprint and Elusive George for the October Nursery.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 5, to Wednesday, October 11.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 96 T F
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 93989694WZKJ94 would read INTERLACE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DKYW94298 would read MAUREEN.

SOCCER SELECTIONS

for Matches played on October 7

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) LIVERPOOL v. Chelsea.
*(2) DERBY v. Birmingham.
(3) Hotspur v. Sunderland.
(4) Wolve v. W. B. ALBION.
(5) VILLA v. Huddersfield.
(6) Blackburn v. Arsenal.
(7) LEEDS v. Wednesday.
(8) LEICESTER v. Portsmouth.
(9) Middlesbro' v. EVERTON.
(10) NEWCASTLE v. Manchester C.
(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Stoke.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) WEST HAM v. Grimsby.
(2) FULHAM v. Hull City.
(3) BLACKPOOL v. Lincoln.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Millwall.
*(5) BOLTON v. Oldham.
*(6) BRENTFORD v. Burnley.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Preston.
(8) Notts Forest v. Notts County.
(9) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford.
(10) PORT VALE v. Swansea.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bury.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) CARDIFF v. C. Palace.
(2) Watford v. Coventry.
(3) Boscombe v. BRISTOL R.
(4) BRISTOL C. v. Northampton.
(5) CHARLTON v. Southend.
(6) Orient v. LUTON.
**(7) EXETER v. Gillingham.
(8) NEWPORT v. Q. P. Rangers.
**(9) NORWICH v. Torquay.
*(10) READING v. Brighton.
*(11) Swindon v. Aldershot.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) HARTLEPOOLS v. Accrington.
(2) Mansfield v. CHESTERFIELD.
(3) WREXHAM v. Gateshead.
**(4) BARNSLEY v. Rochdale.
(5) Barrow v. Doncaster.
(6) CARLISLE v. Chester.
**(7) CREWE v. Rotherham.
(8) HALIFAX v. Walsall.
(9) SOUTHPORT v. Darlington.
*(10) STOCKPORT v. York.
(11) TRANMERE v. N. Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) ABERDEEN v. Celtic.
*(2) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Third Lanark.
(3) Kilmarnock v Motherwell.
(4) CLYDE v. Airdrie.
*(5) FALKIRK v. Cowdenbeath.
(6) Hamilton v. Dundee.
**(7) HEARTS v. Partick.
(8) QUEEN'S PARK v. Ayr.
(9) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Hibs.
**(10) RANGERS v. St. Mirren.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—2 (*H*); Div. II.—6 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—7 (*H*); Scottish League—10 (*H*) would indicate Derby, Brentford Bristol Rovers, Crewe and Rangers.

Shorter Days—Greater Risks

Summer Time ends October 8th.

WINTER time is danger time! Shorter days mean greater risks in the home—more opportunity for the Demon of Accident to lay traps for the unwary!

Sparks will be flying up the chimney again—one may settle on carpet or woodwork, glow for a moment and presently burst into flame. A serious fire may result—your precious possessions may be placed in jeopardy.

Longer evenings mean more time to do those neglected jobs about the home. You may climb a ladder to hang a picture, or balance yourself on a chair to fix a curtain. There's a risk in these little homely occupations, as thousands of JOHN BULL readers know to their cost.

Against everyday risks, and especially those which are greatly accentuated during the winter months, such as Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness—JOHN BULL covers you free. Only through JOHN BULL can you get such comprehensive and vital protection.

"No Insurance Company could have acted more fairly," writes a Ripon reader whose house caught fire. "We are delighted with the straightforward manner in which you have dealt with our claim. I have proved the genuineness of your Free Insurance."

The Registration Forms are below—why not sign them now? Some day you may be glad you did so.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/10/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

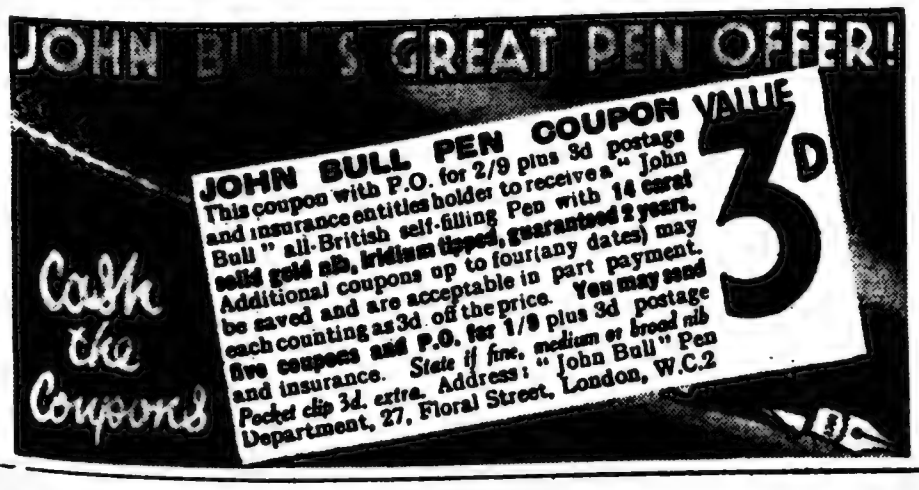
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/10/33


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment. each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2
Cash the Coupons

PROFESSOR GOUGH-GREEN
(Famous explorer and excavator) **WRITES:-**

"When carrying out any strenuous excavating work, I find a pipe of 'Digger' very soothing"

PLAYER'S DIGGER 8D FLAKE
PER OZ

P.G.21.

HUGE 4-IN-1 PRIZE AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of Crossword Competition No. 230

The only correct Solution in the above Competition was received from—

JOHN CLARE,
109, Nora Street,
Guiford, Leeds,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 25s. a week for life, £250 in cash, and a £25 Birthday Cheque yearly for life, or one lump sum of £600. The winner will also receive the extra prize offered of a "Pye" 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a Solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 17, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 55 competitors, from whom we received Solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £1 16s. 5d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 228.—Nine competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £11 2s. 3d. will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word with a New Three-in-One Award, with prizes for Runners-up, appears on Page 40. Try your skill now!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY & VALUE

"FALCON" 3-Valve Battery Set in polished Oak Cabinet 18½ x 12½in. All-steel Chassis, W.B. Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, Mullard Valves, Aerial Outfit. Price £5 19s. 6d. or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Free. Radio Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Screened-Grid, Moving Coil, & super Het. Sets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3 17s. 6d. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for Catalogue Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile Cycles

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

STILL BIGGER NEW PRIZES FOR "JOHN BULL'S" COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD

£300 CASH PLUS £100 CHEQUE AT XMAS 1933 PLUS £100 EACH XMAS FOR LIFE

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

HUGE 3-IN-1 FIRST—OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £750

BIG EXTRA PRIZE OF PYE 27 GUINEA RADIO GRAMOPHONE

Big extra prize of "Pye" 27gn RADIO GRAMOPHONE for First Prize-winner if chief award is won outright. Should First Prize be shared, Radio Gramophone will be won by sharer whose Solution adjoining winning square is nearest correct.

SEASON TICKET BONUS for all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword Contest. REGISTER WITH COUPON IN BULLETS' ANNOUNCEMENT. VALUE £2

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY!

THE first of a great new series of weekly Crossword offers is before you, with increased prizes and novel features which will make you keener than ever to start on the entertaining problem below.

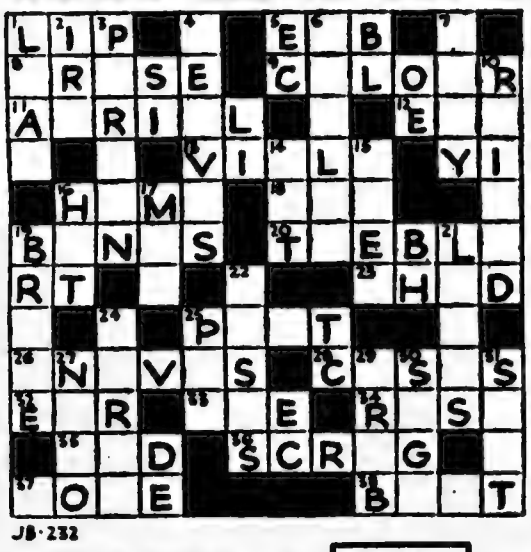
The First Prize has swollen to a fine Cash-plus-Pension award of £300 at once, to be followed by a further £100 on December 23, 1933. On the same date every year for life, the winner will receive a Christmas Cheque for £100.

A special additional prize for the winner will be one of the famous 27-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophones, a constant musical reminder of success.

Study the Clues well, but be sure your entry is in by noon, Thursday, October 12.

"John Bull" will pay £300 in cash, £100 next Christmas and £100 at Christmas every year (or a lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 19, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 26.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 232—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 12, 1933.



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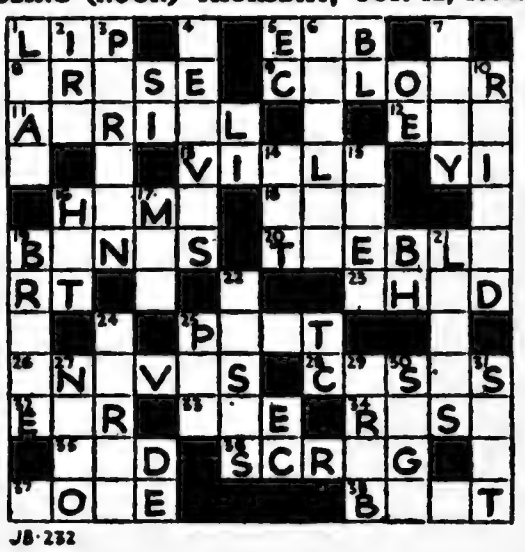


JB·232

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

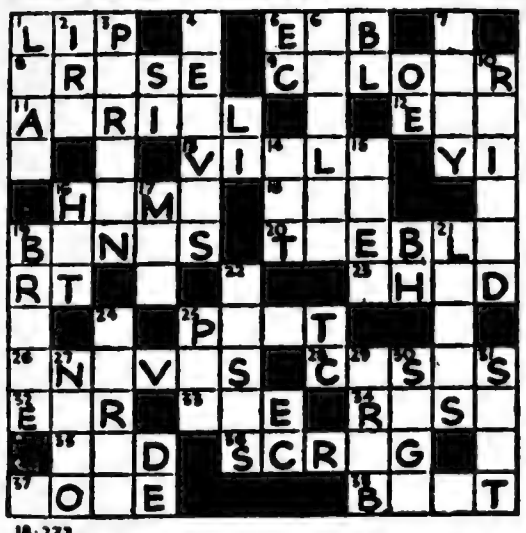
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 232—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 12, 1933.



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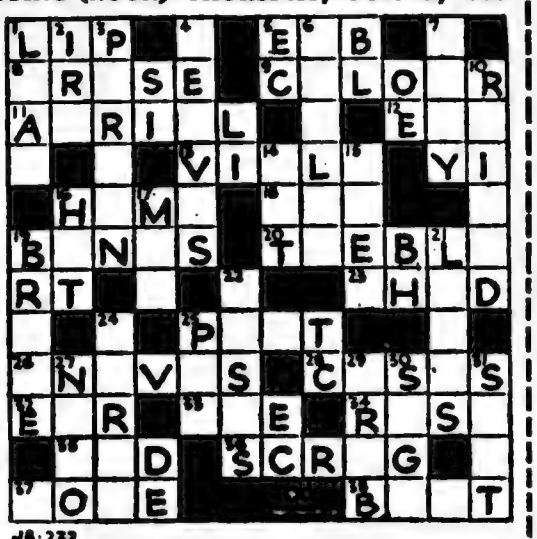


JB·232

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

WINNERS IN X-WORD NO. 230 ON PAGE 39.

CLUES ACROSS

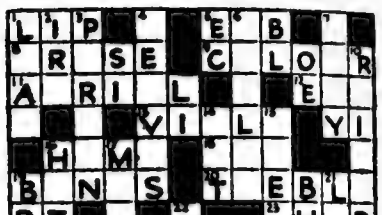
1. Part of the mouth
5. What tides do
8. Rub out
9. Tint
11. It picks up wireless programme
12. Period of years
13. A small house
16. There's no place like this
18. Slippery fish
19. One is offered above
20. One better than a double
23. Horse is, by blacksmith
25. The longer one can keep it the better
26. Jacks, in packs
28. Barrels
32. Contraction of "over"
33. Consumed
34. Sign of measles
35. Colour of pillar-boxes
36. Bony part of the neck
37. Quick use of this often prevents serious fire
38. Often seen near lock

CLUES DOWN

1. Often brings cheer from sports spectators
2. Wrath
3. Gives condemned prisoner hope
4. What boat does, when anchor's weighed
6. Makes hot day still more oppressive
7. Often condemns people
10. When clubs are this, look out for trouble
14. Houses are, by agents
15. Beers
16. Describes past summer
17. Easy to make an impression upon
19. Why he pulled up
21. They often decide the Beauty Contest winner
22. Are reduced in bad times
24. What gallant does, for his lady
25. Vegetable that grows in a pod
27. Fiddled while Rome burned
29. Street urchin
30. Puddings are made with this
31. Refuse should be, in closed dust-cart

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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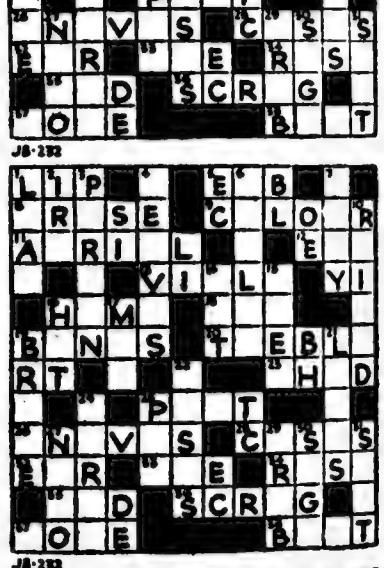

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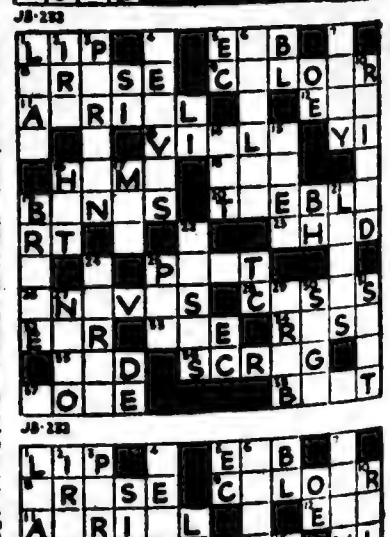

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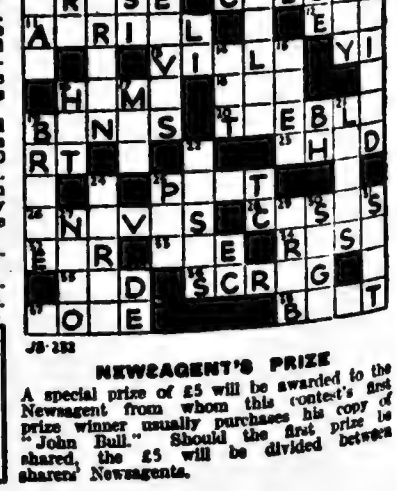


JB·232

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 12, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 26, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 7, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 232, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs LAST

E. R. (Westerham).—"Which is the greater friend of man—a dog or a cow?" Well, can you imagine a cow rushing out to greet its home-coming master?

O. B. (Gamlingay). — "Most vegetarians go to church." And sing "All we like sheep"?

INDIGNANT (Chingford).—"I ask you—what do we find on either side of us?" Our ribs.

S. R. (Tintagel).—"I never kiss a girl. Do you blame me?" We haven't seen the girl.

B. A. (Honiton).—"I've saved shillings a week on cigarettes of late." Wife given up smoking?

T. R. (Perth).—"My wife never tells people that she has made a man of me." Just that she's tried her best?

H. H. (East Ham).—"I always look up to women." When you're sitting in a crowded 'bus?

S. P. (Beverley).—"I don't often give a shilling for a cigar, but when I do——" You get ninepence change.

W. B. (Cambridge).—"We are going to give our neighbours a most delightful surprise." Moving?

R. C. (Batley).—"Where are the 'great unwashed' to-day?" Under the sink if the wife's away.

J. M. (Hoxton).—"There are plenty of beautiful girls in the East End." Bow belles.

T. B. (Hastings).—"The smart writers of to-day seem to me to be dotty." It is true their writing is . . .

POLITICIAN (Westminster).—"In a crisis certain countries always remain cool." Iceland, for one.

H. F. (Peacehaven).—"I put a pretty penny in my business." Then you should make handsome profits.

VIVIEN (Mortlake).—"I don't like coy curates." Perhaps you prefer arch deacons?

T. F. (Kilburn).—"In these days a man cannot succeed in any business without plenty of push." What about a dentist?

F. W. (Thirsk).—"Several editors rejected my poem on Mount Snowdon." Why on earth did they go there?

S. M. (Chepstow).—"I keep on seeing specks in front of my eyes. What do you advise me to get?" Specs.

C. F. (Bury).—"Some men drink to excess." Others drink to pretty well everything else.

M. L. (Birmingham).—"If war was declared to-morrow I would join the colours immediately." The nations won't be able to say you didn't warn them, anyhow.

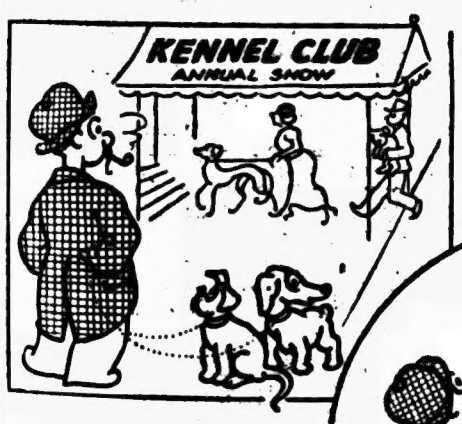
E. R. L. (Bingley).—"It's about time all hoardings were done away with." Income-tax collectors are having a good smack at it.

H. N. (Fleetwood).—"A man in court stated that he had sold his motor-cycle and bought a perambulator." This is one of the risks of pillion-riding.

M. L. (Aldershot).—"Informal introductions are said to be quite the thing now." Haven't you ever heard 'Arry pointing to 'Arriet and saying, "Bill, this is 'er!"

M. A. T. (Ushaw).—"During the ten years of our married life my wife and I have had only one quarrel, and that started on our honeymoon." And when do you expect it to finish?

L. D. G. (Torbay).—"When I tell my wife I am going to the club she sniffs in disdain, and when I return she sniffs again." But probably a little harder the second time.



ERNIE:
by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

ARISTO (Bourn).—"A well-born man never loses his head." What about Charles I?

T. B. (Royston).—"Since I married I feel like a boy again." Still being told not to do things?

I. A. (Bath).—"Nudists should be compelled to wear something." Some of them will soon be wearing a cold look.

W. W. (Mortlake).—"Why do we say that the good die young?" Because one meets so few of them in the adult stage.

GOSSIP (Doncaster).—"A certain peer goes about looking like a down-and-out bookie." Wherever did you see a down-and-out bookie?

T. K. (Hants).—"Do you think passing under a ladder is unlucky?" It depends on the exact time that the painter lets his bucket drop.

G. I. D. P. (Plaistow).—"We modern girls want no help from men." Maybe, but you would be annoyed if they didn't look after you in the street.

MRS. T. (West Bromwich).—"What branch of Scotland Yard should I ask to look for my lost canary?" Try the Flying Squad.

"SOCCER" (Ayr).—"I am going to play football for a South African team. Can you tell me what boots they wear out there?" Both of them, sooner or later.

S. T. R. (Brentford).—"You don't seem to know on which side your bread's buttered." It doesn't matter. We eat both sides.

MOTOR SALESMAN (Halesowen).—"I have a number of good second-hand cars in stock which I am trying to push." No good to us. We require one we can ride in.

W. A. G. (Tulse Hill).—"The average honeymoon is like a first trip in an aeroplane, full of excitement, wonder and exhilaration." And both end the same way by coming back to earth.

H. H. (Perth).—"An angry bull recently broke up an open-air Communist meeting." Probably it was the shade of their political opinions that infuriated the brute.

G. T. (Wirksworth).—"Puzzle solving is suggested as a cure for insomnia." But don't take your income-tax papers to bed with you—the solution will keep you awake more than ever.

M. D. (York).—"Late rising is very bad for the health." It shortens one's days.

R. A. (Glasgow).—"What is the pound worth to-day?" Try to borrow one.

MOLLY (Dorset).—"Time is money." It certainly manages to slip away fast.

BILL (Weymouth).—"What happens to the modern knut when he marries?" He loses his "screw."

MIKO (London, E.).—"The modern girl owes her complexion to walking." As far as the chemist's.

G. H. (Bournemouth).—"Our young men will never tolerate a dictator." Surely some of them will marry.

EDGAR (Avebury).—"My fiancée's father was delighted when he heard that I had saved £300." Did he try to borrow it?

WIRELESS EXPERT (Purley).—"Loud-speakers may be divided roughly into two parts." Many of them ought to be.

L. B. (Braunton).—"My wife tells me I talk in my sleep. What should I do?" Nothing that you shouldn't.

W. E. (Chelsea).—"The waitress seemed annoyed because I stuttered." So you didn't get your damson pie?

D. R. (Chester).—"I never shoot a pheasant while it is on the run." You wait until it stops?

B. Y. (Ewell).—"Telling fortunes by cards is all nonsense." A pack of lies, usually.

L. I. (Manchester).—"I do not know what it is to be bored." Well, we hardly expected that you would write letters to yourself.

J. N. (Rhyl).—"My wife plays the piano, I the 'cello, and my elder boy the violin. The younger one has not taken up anything yet." Not even a cushion?

M. P. (Westminster).—"There are signs that agriculture is definitely returning to prosperity." No real, old-time farmer will let a little thing like that upset him.

J. M. (Durham).—"Men like food which is tempting to the eye." We have heard of a young wife who when serving spaghetti, knits the stuff into true lovers' knots.

MISS L. P. (Luton).—"I hate people who ask me questions." You'd hug JOHN BULL for asking you to choose as your *Bullets* prize a £10 Weekly Life Pension, plus £1,000 cash, or £4,000, plus £2 a week for life! See pages 42 and 43.

O. P. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"My wife insists on having a new fur coat this winter. What am I to do about it?" Be a diplomat—convince her that a woman looks fatter in a fur coat.

H. M. (Chesterfield).—"I am bankrupt, and attribute my position to a disastrous fire." What went wrong—wouldn't it burn?

H. L. (Stroud).—"I have little inclination to work. How can I get myself fired with enthusiasm?" Thoroughly annoy your boss.

G. H. J. (Birmingham). — "It was a famous novelist who coined the phrase 'better half.'" Well, he was very careless with his fractions.

B. M. O. (Winsford).—"When I heard that my aunt had left me ten thousand pounds, what do you think was the first thing I did?" Tried to touch her lawyer for a bit on account.

T. M. (Colchester).—"Beauty surgeons can now give people dimples." We heard of a girl who wanted one on her back for evening wear and tried the more economical method of sleeping on a collar-stud.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS *is* CURABLE!

Remarkable Testimonials Definitely Prove this Revolutionizing Claim.

"ACID SECRET" OF RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS POSITIVELY CONQUERED!

10,000 free trial treatments already distributed to sufferers from RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, SWOLLEN JOINTS, excruciating SCIATICA, NEURITIS and allied complaints.

HERE IS PROOF! *"I am very pleased to tell you that as a result of taking 'Curicones,' I am now completely cured of Rheumatoid Arthritis. I have lost the pain in my joints and can now move about freely. For years I had frequent attacks and was unable to put my feet to the ground. I did not write to you before, as I could scarcely believe the relief would be permanent."* *A. E. SMITH, Yarmouth.*

(Original of this letter & thousands of others can be seen at our offices.)

RHEUMATIC KNEE JOINT

BEFORE taking 'CURICONES'

Note the thickened cartilage and "tipped" bone caused by the presence of rheumatic crystals — Uric, Hippuric and Lactic acids and other acids and poisons. Partial dislocation is followed by stiffening of the joint rendering the whole limb "fixed" and useless.

AFTER taking 'CURICONES'

"Curicones" dissolve and eliminate the razor-edged crystals in the joints, muscles and blood-stream which cause the fiery tortures of rheumatic agony. Pain is banished, swelling reduced, stiffness relieved through the natural agency of the blood-stream. "Curicones" will completely rid the system of excessive acid crystals and poisons.

2,400 DOCTORS APPROVE

More than 2,400 British Doctors have written in praise of "Curicones," stating that they are prescribing them in daily practice. Even advanced cases of Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis and Sciatica once considered hopeless, yield to the new discovery without interference with daily occupations.

"Curicones" are simply small gelatine capsules, pleasant and easy to take, containing a new combination of anti-acid and anti-microbic elements approved by British Pharmaceutical Authorities.

FREE TRIAL—WRITE AT ONCE

A generous FREE supply of "Curicones" for test purposes is offered to every sufferer of a Rheumatic disorder. With the sample you will receive an interesting booklet and diet table explaining the HOW AND WHY of this epoch-making discovery and containing an amazing number of endorsements from well-known physicians and other prominent people. Write immediately for your free treatment. The supply is limited and delay unwise.

TEAR THIS COUPON OUT AND POST IT.
or Postcard will do.

To STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD., Mfg. Chemists & Druggists (Dept. J.B.5), 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
Please send FREE and post paid, a Trial Supply of "CURICONES," with printed particulars of HOW and WHY they conquer Rheumatic and allied ailments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Ailment .....

Please write in Block Letters.

MIGHTY 21ST BIRTHDAY OFFER

CHOOSE YOUR MONSTER 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£10 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £1,000 OR £1,000 cash

21 GIANT

CLOSING SAT. OCT. 21

WINNER WIRED FRI. NOV. 3

£250 £100 £75 £50

FREE.... £500,000 'BULLETS' HANDBOOK offered to you on opposite page

50 of £1
1,000 of 2/6
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

Who wants "John Bull's" Gigantic 2-in-1 Prize!

THE biggest moment in the long history of *Bullets* has arrived! Before you is a record-shattering array of prizes celebrating the 21st Birthday of *Bullets*, headed by a colossal 2-in-1 First Prize that will make its winner independent for life!

Whether to select a huge Life Pension of £10 a week and an immediate fortune of £1,000 or to choose the colossal sum of £4,000 in cash with the added security of £2 a week for life—that is the pleasant problem to be solved by the sender of the best *Bullet!*

Yet even when our *Bullets* First Prize has soared to such record heights as this, the winning effort will be no more than a few well-chosen words of ordinary English which you can fit together in the next half-hour.

In addition to this enormous First Prize there are 20 other splendid Birthday Cheques waiting for good *Bullets*, as well as 13,050 further awards. And for those who carefully follow the directions on the opposite page, there is a *Bullets* £500,000 Gift Book. But remember—only if your entry is in by Saturday, October 21, can Friday, November 3, bring you the most thrilling First Prize telegram ever despatched by JOHN BULL!

THIS IS THE WAY TO WIN

AS you consider each *Example*, jot down all the rough ideas that strike you as having possibilities for *Bullets* purposes. Then, taking each jotting singly, see if you can express its meaning in a *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR simple, well-chosen words. Remember that a neat connection between *Example* and *Bullet*, plus originality of phrasing, will transform quite an ordinary idea into a brilliant effort.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the *Example* CIVILISATION'S STORY. Your first rough note might well be *Began In Darkness—How Will It End?* By compressing that comment and improving the phrasing, you could readily evolve the finished *Bullet*, CIVILISATION'S STORY—DARKNESS BEGAN—FLARE-UP ENDING?

Before starting on your efforts, study the winning *Bullets* below, noting carefully the ordinary words used. Then get busy with your own *Bullets*, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, October 21.

ADD 2, 3, OR 4 WORDS TO ANY EXAMPLE

CIVILISATION'S STORY
WHY WORLD'S LIKE FOOTBALL
HER TWENTY-FIRST
TO-MORROW'S BATTLE
PICTURES IN THE FIRE
RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS
MAN WHO NEEDS HELP
WITH A ROD OF IRON
ISLAND OF PROSPERITY
FRUITS OF INDUSTRY
WHEN GOVERNMENT DIES
AT THE WORKHOUSE GATES
THING OF THE PAST
GRAIN OF COMFORT
BABY ARRIVED AND
DAY TO REMEMBER

BRITANNIA'S FACE
PEACE DOVE
ANXIOUSLY
STORMY WEATHER
MAN v. NATURE
KING WINTER
CLOSING THE DOOR
OUR RADIO
SILENCE FELL AND
HAPPY MARRIAGE
SLAVES
TO HELP SONNY
ELIXIR OF LIFE
EDUCATION'S LAMP
WITHOUT HER
MOTHER'S PRIDE

ROAD TO GLORY
GIANTS
APPLE OF HIS EYE
COMING IN
THE OLD LOVE
CLOTHES
HER HEAVEN
IF THEY WOULD
LATER ON
HOME
SHINING EXAMPLE
FATAL BLUNDER
IN SHORT
WOMAN'S HAND
READY
BETTER TIMES

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 908.

FIRST PRIZE: £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE, £1,000 CASH, £50 YEARLY AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE—OR 2,000 GUINEAS

Mr. W. BOLTON, 9, Livesey Branch Road, Feniscowles, Blackburn.

Example:—HAPPY PAIR
Bullet:—"CLOSE CALL" CALLED CLOSER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. S. SMITH, Gwaelodygarth Farm, Merthyr Tydfil.
Example:—From Top To Bottom
Bullet:—"Change" Few Make "Quietly."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. L. WELLS, 83, Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Example:—Getting Rich Quickly
Bullet:—Then Watching *Jury* "Retire."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. N. M. BENNETT, 29, Delamain Road, Liverpool.
The Tyrant — Disease — "Colossus" Flies Carry.

A. COMAN, 2, Merten Road, Chadwell Heath.
Foul Play — Regretted — "Last Whistle" Sounding.

P. GORDON, 19, Grove Road, Brixton, S.W.
Worrying — Grandpa, Old *Country's* "Infirmities."

A. LAMBLE, 10, Virginia Road, Gillingham, Kent.
Top Dog—Then My Alarm "Snarls"!

L. LAWSON, 3, Windsor Avenue, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.
Like A Statue—"Moving Figure" At Cenotaph.

T. MARTIN, 19, Kirkless Street, Wigan.
Foul Play—Sends Nations *On* "Field."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

M. A. PINK, 25, Upper Branston Road, Clacton-on-Sea.
Days—Weeks—Months—Then—"In Haste, Yours——."

Mrs. S. SIMPSON, 36, Camden Street, Nelson, Lancs.
If They Knew—Starvation, Government "Stouter" Possibly.

W. STEVENSON, c/o Gallagher, 231, Cathedral Street, Glasgow.
Happy Pair—Enjoying "Sunset," Recalling Moonlight.

A. WHITE, "Marwinville," Boston Road, Holbeach, Lincs.
Worrying—Traces Lines—Effa[illegible]

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH

W. ANTHONY, 16, Iris Avenue, Bexley, Kent.
Man With A Whistle—Awaiting Whistle, Deserves "Whistle."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. BARBER, 237, Coldham's Lane, Cambridge.
Wife Wants—Outsize—Not Without Sighs.

Rev. H. E. CLARK The Vicarage, Sunderland.
In the Cradle—"Lobster"—In Bath, "Eel."

H. N. COOKWILL, 34, Hyde Road, Manchester.
In A Hundred Years—"China *For* Tea, Dear?"

G. COOKE, Laneham, Retford, Notts.
Like A Statue—Plumber—Bathroom, The "Fountain."

W. LIPTROT, Roby Cottage, Wigan Road, Warrington.
Awkward Squad—Village Chorus—Kicked Actress!

W. G. MOORE, 11, Haughton Terrace, Blyth, Northumberland.
Awkward Squad—Generals—In Politician's Memoirs.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

O. RAWNSLEY, "Lynton," Parkgate Estate, Leeds.
Thirsty World—Must "Work Well" Together.

E. J. ROSE, 277, Brodie Avenue, Liverpool.
Captain Of Industry—Made "Grindstone" His "Lifebelt."

T. E. WALTERS, 760, Hessle Road, Hull.
Steadily Mounting—Reasons Why Families Aren't.

BIG EXTRA BONUSES.

The winners of £5 and £2 10s., as well as 30 of £1, will each receive, as offered, a free "Bullets" entry coupon for life. List of 30 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at "John Bull's" offices. ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

SHATTERS ALL 'BULLETS' RECORDS

£4,000 cash and £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

STAGGERING CELEBRATION CONTEST

PRIZES ..

£40 £35 £30 £29 £28 £27 £26
£25 £24 £23 £22 £21 £20 £15 £10 £5

THE BOOK THAT COST £500,000 TO COMPILE!

THE 21st Birthday Gift Book offered below is a volume "Bulleteers" have been badly needing for years. It gives you a complete collection of First Prize *Bullets* since 1912, and a "Watch the Winners" Section, containing every effort which has been published as a prize-winner during the last two years.

It also contains an exhaustive Index, so that you can refer like lightning to any *Bullet* within the Gift Book's gay covers. Further, you have a collection of ideas to avoid which every entrant needs, and other useful guidance for would-be winners.

This £500,000 Book will cost you not a penny. But if you want to be amongst the recipients, you must carefully comply with the instructions below.

TO SECURE YOUR FREE COPY

of this unique Bullets Birthday

GIFT BOOK

You have simply to enter 12 *Bullets* for our Birthday Offer, either on ordinary coupons or prize coupons and enclose GIFT COUPON below, duly filled up with name and address in which your 12 *Bullets* are entered. You will then receive, when prizes are despatched, a *Bullets* Birthday Gift Book, entirely FREE!

FREE £500,000 BOOK COUPON

FOLLOW ABOVE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY

N.B.—Unless this Coupon is actually *enclosed in envelope* with 12 *Bullets* entered in name and address below, it is valueless and cannot qualify you for a Birthday Gift Book.

I enclose.....(*fill in number of coupons, not less than six*) *Bullets* coupons for Competition No. 912, all entered in name and address below. (*These may include Prize Coupons.*)

Name _____

Address In Full _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced an page 42. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE, or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

EXAMPLE BU..L T _____

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

EXAMPLE BULLET _____

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £12, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 912 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 912, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

TAKE CICFA FOR INDIGESTION

because CICFA supplies the

NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS

Many say "I never feel 'fit'"; many more say "I am constantly in distress or pain. I have a feeling of pressure and pain; a burning pain between the shoulder-blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating."

Yet all these pains are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION.

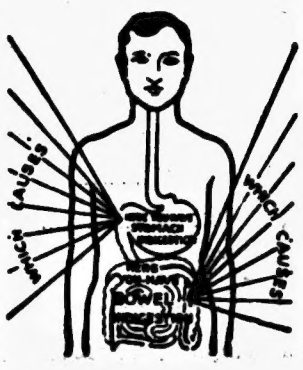
Those who are unfit and those who suffer from pain and distress should know that Digestion begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is continued on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and completed in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments on the Starchy Food. **WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.**

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the natural Digestive Ferments, and so restores digestion. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards, Fermentation is checked, Flatulence decreases, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

- GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE coated white all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy with redness of nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:

- GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
- Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 & 3/-, or post free from
THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

RECORD 'X.L.' BARGAIN BALE

MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

20/-

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Special to "John Bull" readers this week. Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 90 in. x 60 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 64 in. x 75 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 82 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured)
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 58 x 58in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 60in. x 50in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36in. x 36in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.

BALE COMPLETE *Carriage Paid* **20/-**

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

9/6

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 9/-, 6d., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bed room, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminst r, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants (Dept. J.B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, **LEEDS.**

B·D·V AUTUMN OUTFIT

POLO STYLE SHIRT

with collar attached

SOFT, hard-wearing and absorbent. Ideal for all games and outdoor pastimes. Open neck style in White, Lovat Green, Blue, Maroon, Grey, Hunting Yellow. Sizes: Men's, Small Men's, O.S. Please state colour and size.

50 Coupons

GREY GREEN FLANNEL TROUSERS

GOOD QUALITY hard wearing all-British flannel, smooth finish. Latest style, full cut, belt, loops and buttons, two side pockets, hip pocket. Sizes: Legs 28"-33" inclusive; Waists 30"-40" (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurements required.

100 Coupons

smoke

B·D·V

CIGARETTES

The coolest of the cool—and you'll collect the coupons in no time

B·D·V FREE VOUCHER

5 COUPONS

Available either for Polo Shirt or Flannel Trousers. Only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift.

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